

CHIMES



SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

1948

— GIFTS —

For

Showers

Weddings

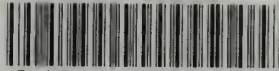
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Salt Lake Harbor, Utah



CHIMES

JUNE, 1948



SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

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"CHIMES" STAFF

FIRST ROW: J. Cunningham, P. Goddard, M. Noble, M. Kilduff, A. Dolan, B. Best, J. Keyes, F. Zalenski, B. Fleming, J. Fettig.
 SECOND ROW: D. Dwyer, J. Miles, L. Reddy, L. Cerilli, S. Damon, J. Best, A. Robischeau, B. Cole, E. Clapp, C. Stearns, B. Murrill, V. Day.
 THIRD ROW: Stephen Chadbourne, J. Goodnow, S. Mahoney, M. Corrigan, A. Dunphy, J. Cahir, J. Flynn, Shirley Chadbourne, N. Gilley, J. Burnham, J. Kettell.

CHIMES STAFF

Editor-in-Chief
 Alette Dolan

Assistant Editor
 Barbara Best

Business Manager
 Jane Keyes

Assistant Business Managers
 Betty Fleming, Mary Noble, Mary Lou Kilduff, Florence Zalenski

Literary Editors
 Laura Cerilli, Josephine Miles, Frances Dyer

Dramatics
 Louise Reddy

School News
 James Fettig, Barbara Cole, Betty Murrill

Alumni Editors
 Ann Robischeau, Eunice Clapp

Boys' Sports
 Jon Flynn, John Cunningham, Arthur Dunphy

Art Editor
 Shirley Chadbourne

Girls' Sports
 Virginia Day, Patricia Goddard

Joke Editor
 William Amiot

Class Editors

Class of 1948	Shirley Damon
Class of 1949	David Dwyer
Class of 1950	Carol Stearns, Janet Best
Class of 1951	John Cahir, John Goodnow
Grade 8	Jack Kettell, Jane Burnham
Grade 7	Sheila Mahoney, Stephen Chadbourne



FACULTY

FIRST ROW: Mr. Wilcox, Miss Hawkes, Miss Giles, Mr. Froberger, Miss Kingsbury, Miss Gile, Mr. Atkinson.

SECOND ROW: Mrs. Williams, Miss Riggs, Miss Vollmer, Miss Cunneen, Miss Dudley, Miss Harrington.

THIRD ROW: Mr. Benson, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Walker, Mr. Leach.

THE FACULTY

George A. J. Froberger, A.B., Ed.M	<i>Principal</i>	Mary S. Kingsbury, B.S.	<i>Household Arts</i>
Edward L. Stewart, A.B.	<i>Submaster</i>	Donald Leach, B. U. College of Music	<i>Instrumental Music</i>
Clarence O. Atkinson, B. S.	<i>Economics, Commercial Subjects</i>	Gertrude Reynolds, Mus. B.	<i>Vocal Music</i>
Laurence A. Benson, A.B.	<i>Industrial Arts</i>	Maida L. Riggs, B.S., Teaching Certificate for Physical Education	<i>Physical Education</i>
Anne L. Cunneen, Hyannis State Teachers College	<i>English</i>	Doris M. Rowell, B. S. in Ed., Certificate of Painting	<i>Art, Mechanical Drawing</i>
Bessie M. Dudley, A.B.	<i>English</i>	Ella Vinal, B.S., M.A.	<i>History</i>
Eleanor Gile, A. B.	<i>History, English</i>	Carol Vollmer, B.S. in Ed.	<i>Geography, Hygiene</i>
Elizabeth Giles, B.S. in Ed.	<i>Mathematics, Science</i>	Norman L. Walker, A.B.	<i>Mathematics</i>
Esther M. Harrington, A.B., Ed.M.	<i>Latin, French</i>	Erroll K. Wilcox, B. S.	<i>Mathematics, Science</i>
Ruth E. Hawkes, B.S., Ed.M.	<i>Commercial Subjects</i>	Maud C. Williams, A.B.	<i>History, Civics</i>

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Shirley Damon

ALTHOUGH we, the Class of 1948, are undergoing the strain of preparing for college entrance exams and final exams, we have found a spare moment occasionally to look back over the past year. We've had a wonderful year together, — becoming agitated over history debates, worrying about shorthand tests, studying the periods of English literature, groaning over geometry and math exams, organizing volley ball teams in gym, singing in glee club, participating in dramatics, playing in the band, cheering at games (as well as being on the teams), going to class dances, writing for the "Scituation" and the "Chimes" and last, but not least, groaning over the ever-increasing homework.

We started the year by re-electing Ronnie Fallon as president; Buckie Flynn, vice-president; Martha Peirce, secretary; Verdella Goddard, treasurer. We chose Miss Riggs and Mr. Stewart as class advisers.

We're sorry to say that two members of our class did not rejoin us this last September. Bob Rich transferred to Hebron Academy, and Harry Richards moved to Vermont.

The senior class was well represented in all the sports this year. We are very proud that four seniors, Murray Snow, Manuel Spinola, Jack Varney, and Dick Whittaker made the South Shore All-Star Football Team this year. Also doing their share towards our victories in sports were our spirited cheer leaders. Verdella Goddard and Phyllis Mitchell, who, along with the rest of the cheerleaders, were ably led by Martha Peirce.

In the all-school production "Blue and White Varieties," the incomparable pair, Laura Cerilli and Louise Reddy, made the show a success by their singing and their acting. What would Scituate High have done these last few years without Laura and Louise? In our senior class play, "Big-Hearted Herbert," which was produced in April under the direction of Miss Gile, the parts were taken by Jean Prouty, Louise Reddy, Laura Cerilli, Joanne MacDonald, Elizabeth Fleming, Earl Merritt, Ronnie Fallon, Buckie Flynn, Leland Towle, and Bill Green.

The seniors took an active part in the Student Council this year. Two of the seniors, Jon Flynn and Shirley Damon, were among the group who attended the student council convention at Attleboro. Alette Dolan and Gabriel Jacobucci were the seniors who went to the convention at New Bedford.

The senior class is very happy to say that Alette Dolan, the Scituate High representative at the American Legion oratorical contest at Bridgewater, was awarded second prize for her fine oration, "The Rights We Defend."

The girl chosen to receive the D. A. R. "Good Citizenship Award" this year was Shirley Damon. Shirley attended a banquet in Boston in March where she met the other Good Citizenship representatives of Massachusetts.

Jon Flynn, the senior who is always expounding political theories in history, was elected as a representative from this district to the Massachusetts student assembly. Evidently Buckie's experience at the State House made a great impression on him, for he has made some excellent speeches lately.

Still another honor that has been conferred upon a member of the senior class this year is the music scholarship that Laura Cerilli received. In competition with several other girls in the high school, Laura won the music scholarship offered by Mrs. Glenn Wilson. We're really proud of Laura.

The members of the class who have been elected to actively participate in the Class Day program are Ronnie Fallon, who, as class president, will deliver the welcome address; Jon Flynn, the prophecy; Laura Cerilli, the will; Martha Peirce and Jack Varney, the gifts; and Shirley Damon, the history. Bill Amiot will make the dedication speech for the planting of the class tree. Alette Dolan and Paul Avery have written the class ode to the tune of "Now Is the Hour." We feel sure that this year's Class Day will be a very enjoyable one, for both the members of the class and their guests.

The topic of conversation that seems to be everywhere among many of the seniors is, of course, college. One often hears the names of Harvard, Regis, Northeastern, Katherine Gibbs, New Hampshire, Cornell, Antioch, Colgate, and many other colleges to which we are applying for entrance. We are very pleased to say that several of our class have already been accepted at colleges. Many more will undoubtedly be accepted by graduation.

We, the Class of 1948, are going out into a chaotic world. From our discussions of world

events, we have seen the picture of the dark times that may be ahead of us. We realize that the ever-darkening clouds may mean war or just a national crisis. Either way, these clouds will affect us personally. However, with the confidence of the young, we go out to meet the future with a courageous heart. As we go out into the world, we shall appreciate, more than ever, Scituate High School, the school that has given us a fine background to face the problems ahead. Scituate High School — the school that we really love.



GRADUATES OF '48

Jon Flynn

A band of freshmen in forty-four.

Amidst the hardships of a great war,
Embarked upon a voyage sublime,

Undaunted, thinking of the time
When they would face the world alone.

When earth had shaped a better tone.
For four long years they faced the test.

A struggle, but they did their best —
A pleasure here, a heartache there.

Success and failure — yes, despair.
Yet doggedly they carried on;

They knew the battle must be won.
Now, at last, four years have passed:

Their problems all seem solved at last.
And now they face, quite unafraid.

The future. Now may all the parts they've played
Reflect upon the Stage of Time

Accomplishments in every line
Of drama. May those fruitful years

Be replete with much laughter and few tears!
And now at last we write *Finis*:

Our high school life is history.
We face the future and must form

Our battle lines, come sun or storm.

WHAT WILL S. H. S. BE LIKE WITHOUT—

The backfield combination of Whit and Snow?
Hardrock's patented "caw"?

Avery's valuable soprano in the glee club?

Jean Hyland's reminiscing about Rudy York?

Tom Dwyer's pleasant laugh?

Elden Meyers' flashy ties?

"Swisher" Towle's sharpshooting in basketball?

Bill Green's indispensable aid in the lab?

Bo Merritt and his mighty trumpet?

Shirley Damon's piano playing?

Stan Briggs' quiet rational manner?

Buckie Flynn's mathematical genius?

Jean Prouty's basket making? And we don't mean
weaving!

Martha, Verdella, and Mitch cheering the boys
on?

Billy Amiot's studiousness?

Ronnie's argyles?

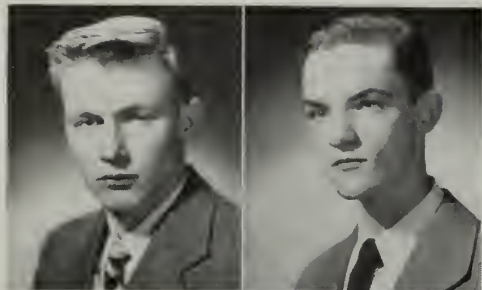
Gabriel's new revolutionary methods?

Brookie Durant's cogent arguments?

Wayne Higgins' pious influence?

Howard Fettig, president of the P. G. class?

The Class of 1948, in general?



ARTHUR AHOLA

Practical Arts Course

It seems he can't get a hold on Tresler,

But Ahola is a mighty wrestler.

PAUL AVERY

General Course

Key Club, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4.

*In English Paul doesn't do too well,
But his math and chem marks ring the bell.*



JANET ALLEN

Commercial Course

Scituate High Radio Broadcast, 4; Class Play, 4; Fashion Show, 3; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

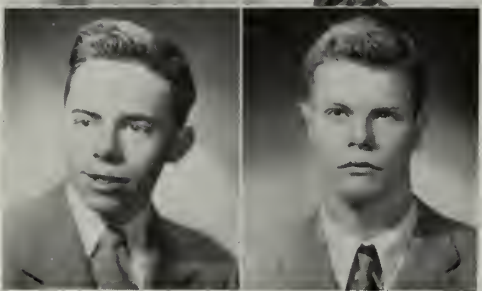
*Although she seems so quiet and shy,
Jan's a gal who will always get by.*

PRISCILLA BONNEY

Commercial Course

Softball, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2.

*Tizzie, our prize baby sitter,
Is really quite a softball hitter.*



WILLIAM AMIOT

General Course

Joke Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.

*To write of all his pranks in rhyme
Would surely take a sonnet;
In short we'll say that every day
Bill has a new bug in his bonnet.*

STANWOOD BRIGGS

College Preparatory Course

Key Club, 3, 4; Football, 4; Basketball, 2, 3; 1947 Massachusetts Boys' State; Student Council, 4; Librarian, 2.

*Briggs will always drive a straight course
Whether steering a car or a boat or a horse.*

EDWARD BROWN

General Course
Baseball, 4.

*When you see a flash through town,
You'll know that it's our Eddie Brown.*

SHIRLEY CHADBOURNE

General Course

Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 1, 3; Orchestra, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3; Assistant Manager of Basketball, 2; Track, 2; Basketball, 4; Art Editor of *Chimes*, 3, 4.

*Chad really shines in period three;
You guessed it — that is chemistry.*

LAURA CERILLI

College Preparatory Course

Joke Editor of *Chimes*, 2; School News Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Senior Class Play, 4; All-School Play, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2; Hockey, 1, 2; Cheerleading, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 2, 3.

In praise of Laura there's quite a wide choice,—

Her jokes, or her acting, or her sweet singing voice.

EUNICE CLAPP

Secretarial Course

Alumni Editor of *Chimes*, 4; All-School Play, 4; Softball, 4; Librarian, 4.

*We're not too sure, but rumor has it
Eunnie's interested in Cohasset.*



DAVID COOMBS

Scientific Preparatory Course
Key Club, 3, 4.

*Gunsight, barrel, trigger, stock
Are what most interest our Hardrock.*

SHIRLEY DAMON

College Preparatory Course
Dramatic Editor of *Chimes*, 2, 3;
Class Editor of *Chimes*, 4; All-
School Play, 2; Hockey, 1; Glee
Club, 1, 2, 3; Librarian, 4; Stu-
dent Council, 4; Good Citizenship
Award.

*She knows her onions; — well she
ought ter;*

Our Shirley is a farmer's daughter.

ALETTE DOLAN

College Preparatory Course
Assistant Art Editor of *Chimes*, 1;
Art Editor of *Chimes*, 2; Assis-
tant Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Editor-
in-Chief of *Chimes*, 4; Class Treas-
urer, 2; Secretary of Student
Council, 4; All-School Play, 1;
American Legion Oratorical Con-
test, 4.

*Our pal Elite is so tall
We hardly see her head at all.*

ROBERT DUNPHY

College Preparatory Course
Key Club, 3; Secretary of Key Club,
1; All-School Play, 1; Senior Class
Play, 4; Assistant Manager of
Baseball, 2; Manager of Baseball,
3; Football, 4; Librarian, 2.

*Now Bob's in the drug store's employ.
In four years he'll be a farmer boy.*

BROOKE DURANT

Scientific Preparatory Course
President of Class, 1; Baseball, 1,
2, 3, 4.

*Though he argues all the while,
He wins friends with his pleasant
smile.*

THOMAS DWYER

Practical Arts Course
Baseball, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3.

*In forty-six we did acquire
This little guy who's the class live
wire.*



RONALD FALLON

College Preparatory Course
President of Class, 2, 3, 4; Vice-
President of Key Club, 3; Presi-
dent of Key Club, 4; Senior Class
Play, 4; Football, 3, 4; Glee Club,
2, 3.

*We're glad he is a Scituate resi-
dent, —
Football, Key Club, and class presi-
dent.*

JAMES FETTIG

General Course
School News Editor of *Chimes*, 4.

*Jimmy yearns for a life at sea
While slaving in the grocery.*

ELIZABETH FLEMING

Secretarial Course
Assistant Business Manager of
Chimes, 3, 4; Senior Class Play, 4;
Hockey, 1.

*Big blue eyes and long blonde hair—
Betty's well liked everywhere.*

JON FLYNN

General Course
Vice-President of Class, 2, 3, 4;
Key Club, 3; Vice-President of
Key Club, 4; Treasurer of Student
Council, 4; Class Editor of *Chimes*,
3; Sports Editor of *Chimes*, 4;
Glee Club, 2, 3; Football, 3, 4;
Manager of Football, 2; Senior
Class Play, 4.

*Only a brain like Flynn's could fig-
ure out a way
To take eight subjects in a seven
period day.*



VERDELLA GODDARD

College Preparatory Course
Assistant Business Manager of
Chimes, 3; Treasurer of Class, 3,
4; All-School Play, 1, 4; Senior
Class Play, 4; Basketball, 3, 4;
Cheerleading, 2, 4; Glee Club, 1,
2; Band, 2, 3, 4; Librarian, 1.

*As class treasurer she is a whiz; —
In fact Verdelia's the best there is.*

JEAN HYLAND

General Course
Softball, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
*Good-natured Jean she's known as
here,
The same disposition year after year.*



WILLIAM GREEN

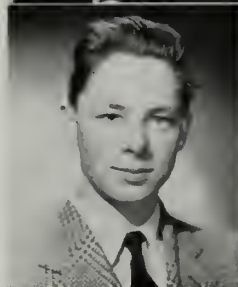
General Course
Senior Class Play, 4.

*He wants to be a pharmacist; so have
no fears, —
You will buy your pills from Bill in
not too many years.*

GABRIEL JACOBUCCI

College Preparatory Course
Treasurer of Key Club, 4; President
of Student Council, 4; Treasurer
of Student Council, 3; Football, 2;
Glee Club, 2.

*A new way to multiply two by two
Gabriel worked on for ages.
At last a method came out true,
But the figures take forty-nine pages.*



WAYNE HIGGINS

Practical Arts Course

*Though he's small,
He's on the ball.*

JANES KEYES

College Preparatory Course
Class Editor of *Chimes*, 2 Assistant
Business Manager of *Chimes*, 3;
Business Manager of *Chimes*, 4;
Treasurer of Class, 1; All-School
Play, 1; Hockey, 2, 3; Assistant
Manager of Basketball, 3; Manager
of Basketball, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2;
Band, 3; Student Council, 3.

*Bright and pretty, sweet but zany
You'll find none better than our
Janie.*

CHARLOTTE LITTLEFIELD

General Course
Softball, 3.

*Sis smiles through Latin, says it
could be worse.
Anyway she needs it to be a nurse.*

MARJORIE MACY

Secretarial Course
Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 1,
2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee
Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; *Situation*, 4.

*If a charming smile were requisite
for getting a straight "A",
Margie'd be on the honor roll every
single day.*

JOANNE MACDONALD

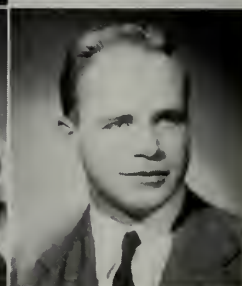
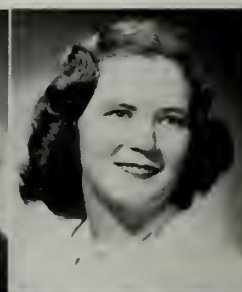
College Preparatory Course
Transferred from Braintree High
School, 1; Literary Editor of
Chimes, 3; All-School Play, 1, 4;
Senior Class Play, 4; Scituate
High Radio Broadcast, 4; Glee
Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Librarian, 3, 4.

*If you want Joanne, here's where
to look:
In the library, back of a book.*

EARL MERRITT

General Course
Photographer, 2; Key Club, 3, 4;
Senior Class Play, 4; Football, 1,
2; Baseball, 3; Basketball, 4; Glee
Club, 2; Band, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orches-
tra, 1, 2, 3, 4; New England Music
Festival, 2, 3, 4.

*Earl Merritt's his name
And he merits his fame.*



ELDEN MEYERS

Scientific Preparatory Course
Transferred from Derby Academy, 2;
Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 3;
Band, 2, 3; Orchestra, 2, 3.

*As a drummer, Elden's the best by far.
He's famed for his jam sessions
eight to the bar.*

JOSEPHINE MILES

College Preparatory Course
Literary Editor of *Chimes*, 4;
Hockey, 2; Basketball, 3; Glee
Club, 3; Massachusetts Girls'
State, 1947.

*Here's a girl we call Jo Miles;
She's noted for her winning smiles.*

PHYLLIS MITCHELL

College Preparatory Course
Class Editor of *Chimes*, 1; Hockey,
1; Basketball, 1; Glee Club, 1;
Cheerleading, 3, 4.

*A laughing eye, a nimble wit,
A friendly heart make Mitch a hit.*

ELEANOR NOBLE

General Course
All-School Play, 2; Hockey, 1, 2, 3;
Glee Club, 1, 2; Band, 3; Com-
mercial Editor *Scituation*.

*Quiet as Eleanor may be
She's so sincere, as all can see.*

MARY NOBLE

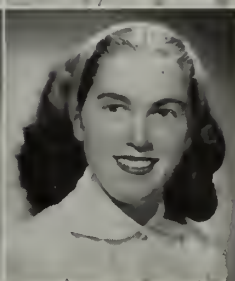
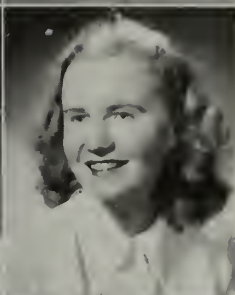
Secretarial Course
Assistant Business Manager *Chimes*,
4; All-School Play, 2; Hockey, 1,
2; Basketball, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club,
2; Band, 3.

*Known and liked by everyone
Because she is so full of fun.*

MARTHA PEIRCE

College Preparatory Course
Scituation, 4; Secretary of Class, 2, 3,
4; All-School Play, 4; Senior Class
Play, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4;
Cheerleading, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club,
1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 2, 3, 4; Librarian,
3, 4.

*We've seen her at football games now
for two years
Brimming over with spirit and lead-
ing the cheers.*



JEAN PROUTY

Secretarial Course
Secretary of Class, 1; *Scituation*, 4;
Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball,
1, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 1, 2, 3, 4; Soft-
ball, 1; Glee Club, 1, 3, 4; Secre-
tary of Student Council, 3.

*The mainstay of girls' basketball,
Jean's acclaimed by one and all.*

LOUISE REDDY

College Preparatory Course
Class Editor of *Chimes*, 1; Liter-
ary Editor of *Chimes*, 2; Alumni
Editor of *Chimes*, 3; Dramatic
Editor of *Chimes*, 4; Senior Class
Play, 4; All-School Play, 3, 4;
Assistant Manager of Hockey, 3;
Manager of Hockey, 4; Cheer-
leading, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4;
Band, 1; Orchestra, 1; Librarian,
2, 3, 4.

*For one little thing this gal is a
yarnin'
To hurry off to Beaver, institute of
higher larnin'.*

ANNE ROBISCHEAU

Commercial Course
Alumni Editor of *Chimes*, 4; All-
School Play, 3; Hockey, 1, 2, 3;
Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club,
1, 2; Band, 3; Cheerleading, 1.

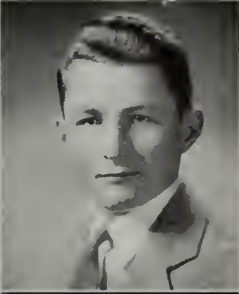
*Nimble and quick with never a
heckle,
She makes a friend for every freckle.*

BARBARA ROBISCHEAU

Commercial Course
Manager of Basketball, 3; All-School
Play, 3, 4; Hockey, 1; Cheerlead-
ing, 1; Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Scituate
High Radio Broadcast, 4; Band, 2.

*With a ring on her finger
Other boys do not linger.*





DAMA SHERMAN

General Course
State Manager of All-School Play, 3;
Librarian, 4.

*She's awfully shy, but break the ice
And you'll find Dama's very nice.*

LELAND TOWLE

Scientific Preparatory Course
Senior Class Play, 4; Basketball, 3,
4; Key Club, 3, 4.

*Lee sure is invaluable in history
debates.
He holds forth while the opposition
waits.*



MURRAY SNOW, JR.

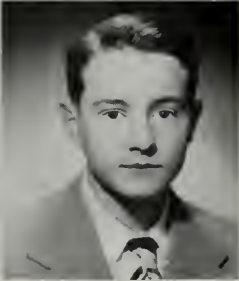
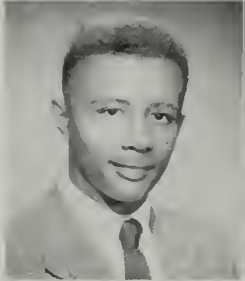
Practical Arts Course
Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.

*Without the plugging of this fullback
Many victories we would lack.*

JACK VARNEY

Scientific Preparatory Course
Football, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 3, 4;
Student Council, 3.

*Jack can dance and romance
And at games takes a chance.*



MANUEL SPINOLA, JR.

Scientific Preparatory Course
Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2,
3, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track,
2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4 Band,
2, 3.

*With such love for a well-played
game
Other fields will be reached with
fame.*

GEORGE WARREN

Practical Arts Course

*Bud is industrious and very quiet.
Alone with the boys, it's said he's a
riot.*

HOLKER WELCH

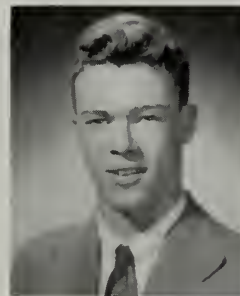
General Course
Football, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3, 4;
Basketball, 1, 2, 3.

*The Scituate High kids make with
a shout
When the "T" pulls up and Holk
jumps out.*

CHRISTOPHER WHITCOMBE

General Course
Glee Club, 3; Baseball, 2, 4.

*Chris is a feller with just one like,
Putting around on his motor bike.*



RICHARD WHITTAKER

General Course
Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2,
3; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4.

*Last but not least as they always will
say
Comes muscular Dick — so get out
of his way.*





JUNIOR CLASS

FIRST ROW: J. Bates, M. Dowd, E. Hibbs, M. McLean, P. Keyes, D. Parker, E. Veiga, C. Hurley, P. Goddard, J. Taylor, F. Bissell, F. Dyer, D. McPherson, J. Devine.

SECOND ROW: Miss Dudley, class adviser, F. Zalenski, J. Tobin, C. Roberts, J. Sylvester, M. Barclay, C. Cross, I. Pratt, M. Gannett, S. Chase, M. Kilduff, B. Best, V. Day, M. Corrigan, K. Boylston, N. Gilley, S. Mongeau, M. Roy, N. McDonald, H. Dowd, Mr. Wilcox, class adviser.

THIRD ROW: D. Dwyer, J. Stewart, C. Harney, E. O'Neil, W. Small, R. Duffey, J. Santia, W. Chipman, J. Robinson, R. Sternfelt, C. King, J. Mills, D. Barclay, R. Damon, T. Flaherty, M. Damon, J. Daniels.

JUNIOR CLASS

David Dwyer

In this simple little rhyme,
We give you the class of '49 .
President, secretary and all the rest
Of our fifty-five pupils are the best.
Eddie Veiga has the president's chair;
He'll lead us through crises without despair.
In case our Eddie isn't on hand,
Charlie Hurley will take his stand.
The girl who has the secretary's chair,
Is Patricia Goddard, ready and fair.
Dolores Parker, it seems, will keep
Our money until no more she can reap.
Last but not least come the teachers elected,
Mr. Wilcox and Miss Dudley we have selected.
Many of our boys and girls you find.

In school activities of every kind.
We as a class appear in each sport,
As players or cheerleaders, we hold the fort.
Some of us are witty, others are smart,
To get to the top we do our part.
A discussion in English is likely to cause
A hot and long parley without any pause.
French and geometry, as you will recall,
Are no subjects to fool with in study hall.
A word to the wise is often enough.
A session or two will calm the tough.
As for the future, we'll never stop,
'Til by hard work we've reached the top.
In college or business we'll never rest
'Til we're satisfied we've done our best.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

FIRST ROW: J. Cunningham, J. Castles, D. Vickery, C. Jenkins, J. Nord, B. Murrill, O. McMorrow, G. Parker, N. Breen, M. Pratt, P. Rich, J. Watts, C. Witt, G. Lemoine.

SECOND ROW: Mr. Benson, class adviser, K. Manning, J. Dwight, C. Vespaziani, J. Foniri, M. Smith, C. Stearns, B. Cole, M. Johnson, M. Noble, J. Best, B. Short, M. Chase, V. Ahola, J. Kettell, M. Abbott, P. Davis, L. Sampson, R. Lavange, M. Wright, N. Litchfield, Miss Kingsbury, class adviser.

THIRD ROW: J. Jenkins, R. Lee, R. Jenkins, R. Rose, D. Bickford, C. Mahon, C. Tyler, A. Daneau, D. Hendrickson, W. Hannigan, B. Donlan, F. Duval, E. Hennigan, R. Duval, R. Zollin, J. Smith, G. Whorf, F. King.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Janet Best, Carol Stearns

HEAR ye! Hear ye! The news of the Class of 1950 now comes winging its way to you. Fifty-two bright, cheery Sophomores enrolled in September of this school year. Two or three former members were missing, and some newcomers were added. Constance Murphy went to Mount St. Joseph's in Brighton; Peter Arapoff moved to Vermont; and George Mitchell enrolled at Thayer Academy. Bruce Donlan from Chicago and John Cunningham from Milton became welcome members of the class.

The class officers were elected as follows: Glenn Parker, president; Osborne McMorrow, vice president; Nancy Breen, treasurer; and Elizabeth Murrill, secretary. The same class advisers prevailed, these being Miss Kingsbury and Mr. Benson.

The ever-faithful Sophomores were well represented in football, basketball, baseball, and hockey. Many got letters and certificates.

The Sophomore girls of the Household Arts class gave a very successful Christmas tea for parents and members of the faculty. In the early spring they prepared a series of luncheons, which gave the girls experience in cooking, serving, and being hostesses.

The all-school production spotlighted many Sophomores, including Charmaine Witt, Barbara Cole, and Nancy Litchfield.

Nancy Breen, Glenn Parker, and Frank Duval headed the Sophomore dance committee for the Freshman-Sophomore Dance held April 2.

Be sure to follow our career next year as bright upper-classmen.



FRESHMAN CLASS

FIRST ROW: P. Delano, H. Bickford, N. Dwight, M. J. Stewart, S. Brigham, M. Luce, S. Roberts, E. Cohen, J. Cerilli, F. Whorf, J. Flaherty, B. Connolly, V. Cole, G. Bearce.

SECOND ROW: Mr. Walker, class adviser, J. Stark, J. Fitzsimmons, F. Dwyer, I. Vespaziani, L. Merritt, L. Anderson, C. Mendell, M. Lopes, G. Cole, G. Veiga, M. Nichols, L. Garland, R. Kane, P. Hunter, M. Damon, J. Carlson, E. O'Neil, B. Fresina, R. Preston, J. Goodnow, C. Noble.

THIRD ROW: T. Dwyer, W. Spear, R. Brebner, K. Smith, J. Milroy, B. Wyman, C. Mitchell, E. Barrett, R. Morrow, R. Burbank, D. Ford, J. Cahir, W. Clapp, A. Dunphy, P. Bennett, R. Levangie, P. Virtue, G. Wilder, R. Frasier, D. LaVange, R. Fernandez.

FRESHMAN CLASS

John Cahir, John Goodnow

INTO the halls of Scituate High last September came the Class of 1951. Three new students joined our ranks. They were James Milroy from North Quincy, Peter Bennett from Philadelphia, and Connie Mendell, from Dayton, Ohio. We lost Robert Heywood to Cohasset High School.

At our first class meeting we elected Eugene Cohen, president; Scott Roberts, vice president; Mary Luce, secretary; and Joseph Cerilli, treasurer. We also unanimously elected Mr. Walker and Miss Rowell as class advisers.

A Freshman-Sophomore dance was held April

2. Mary Jane Stewart, Arthur Dunphy, and Jane Flaherty worked very ably as freshman members of the committee.

The B. U. tests for the Freshmen showed that the class was well above average in scholarship.

Many of the Freshman went out for athletics, and among them are some leading candidates for next year's teams.

The Freshman Class has taken part in a wide field of activities in 1947-48, and we hope to be a leader in the years to come.

Eighth Grade News

Jebby Burnham, 8A Jack Kettell, 8B

On Wednesday, September 3, 1947, about 70 boys and girls arrived in Mrs. Williams' and Miss Cunneen's rooms with a feeling of know-how and were prepared to show off and give instructions to our lower classmen, the seventh grade. We were, of course, the superior people of junior high.

We looked forward eagerly to our new work and classes, such as shop and household arts.

The Junior High part of the All-School play was a television act, which consisted of a variety entertainment including the all-girl chorus of the eighth grade girls, a butterfly ballet, and other features.

The girls in 8A started a fad of wearing Eton hats and the seventh grade enthusiastically copied them. All the girls try to get a different colored one.

Five new boys have entered Scituate High. The boys are Joseph Veiga, Vasco Rodrigues, Fidelio Rodrigues, Casimiro Fernandez, and Augusto Andrade. All boys are working hard and will be a credit to our school.

Several boys from junior high went out for football and made good. Among them were Howard "Mecca" Cole, Henry "Hank" Cusick, Robert Cashman, Tom Snow, and Bowman Locklin. Howard Cole was on the varsity, while Henry Cusick was sent in as a valuable substitute many times.

A history club has been started by Mrs. Williams of 8B which includes both eighth grades. The first meeting was held on January 16, and the plan is to hold meetings every other week.

Both grades were sorry to hear of Miss Rowell's temporary absence but feel that Miss Bournazos is a capable substitute.

We are proud of "Mecca" Cole, who made the varsity on both the football and basketball teams.

8B put on a historical assembly which was enjoyed by the junior high.

Seventh Grade News

Stephen Chadbourne, 7A Sheila Mahoney, 7B

One of the largest seventh grades ever to enter Scituate High School put in an appearance early Wednesday morning, September 3, 1947.

It felt very strange to come up to the High School and change from room to room. Every-body was confused as to which room he was

to go to. Occasionally someone would get lost and have to be set right again.

Now we have become so used to things we might be called old timers.

We have two new students in the seventh grade. Bertie Jean Walker from Rhode Island and Daniel De Gorge from Newton, who have already made many friends.

However, although we gained two new students, we lost a very good one, Aram Brazilian, but he is expected to return soon.

Some of the girls from the seventh grade took part in the All-School Show. They were in the Junior High part of the program, which was a Television Act.

Since the eighth grade can show such fine examples of sportsmanship, we must mention two people who have played very well on the basketball teams. Mary Goodnow and Mike Veiga did an excellent job this year and we are very proud of them both.

The eighth grade girls have developed the new fad of wearing Eton hats and the seventh grade have taken to the idea eagerly.

We are all looking forward to more happy years at Scituate High School.

* * *

S. H. S. Song Hits

"The Secretary Song"	Stenography Classes
"Je Vous Aime"	First Year French
"Don't Know Enough About You"	Chemistry
"As Long As I'm Dreaming"	All E's
"A Fellow Needs a Girl"	Leap Year
"Can't You Just See Yourself"	Locker-Room Mirror
"So Far"	No A's
"Now is the Hour"	Lunch
"Suspense"	Report Cards
"Baby Face"	Freshmen
"Harmony"	Glee Club
"How Soon"	Another Vacation
"My How the Time Goes By"	Gym Classes
"Just Because"	Excuse Often Used
"That's My Desire"	Seniors—Graduation
"Papa, Won't You Dance with Me"	Dancing School

SCHOOL NEWS

Administration and Faculty Changes

When Scituate once again opened its doors for the new year, there were many changes in the school staff. Upon the retirement of Mr. Harold C. Wingate from the superintendency, Mr. Frederick A. Calkin, former principal, was appointed to the office of superintendent of schools of Scituate. Mr. George A. J. Froberger, formerly of Rockland, Mass., was chosen as the new principal. Mr. Norman L. Walker succeeded to Mr. Hawes' position as teacher of mathematics. Mr. Clarence O. Atkinson returned, after service in the navy, to his former position in the Commercial Department. In October Miss Ruth Moulton, physical education director, resigned to accept a position in the Boston schools. She was succeeded by Miss Maida L. Riggs. During Miss Rowell's leave of absence Miss Elizabeth Bournazos substituted as teacher of art. Thelma Sylvester is now secretary in the principal's office. Mary Driscoll having been transferred to the office of the superintendent.

Memorial Plaque

On Thursday, December 4, a very solemn assembly was held to dedicate a bronze plaque bearing the names of Scituate High School's war dead. Mr. Stewart presided over the assembly. After the usual opening exercises, a choral group sang "Roger Young." Frederick A. Calkin, Superintendent of Schools, delivered an introductory address in which he spoke of the significance of the occasion and explained that the memorial was the gift of the Class of 1946. Immediately afterwards, Mr. Froberger gave an inspiring address, formally dedicating the plaque. After the dedication there was a moment of silence, followed by taps. "The Star Spangled Banner" concluded the assembly. The plaque, bearing the following inscription, may be seen at the entrance of the Scituate High School.

TO OUR HERO DEAD IN WORLD WAR II
1941 1945

Scituate High School

Pays Homage to the Memory of These Valiants
who Gave the Last Full Measure of Devotion
to Their Country.

Chase Abbott	Chester R. Gurney, Jr.
Raymond Andrews	Thomas G. Harrigan
Wilfred E. Appleton	Edward R. Hooper
Lionel Bush	Renie J. Jacobucci
Robert A. Cole	Nelson Kindlund
Joseph Dabue	Elwin A. Lane
Parker T. Ewell	Edward A. Nichols
Robert W. Fleming	Frank L. Shea, Jr.
	Edwin R. Spear

Assemblies

Pleasant interludes in the school activity calendar have been provided by the numerous educational and entertainment programs offered through the combined efforts of the faculty, the students, and the school authorities.

Included in the assemblies this year were several observances of special dates. At the Constitution Day Assembly Representative Nathaniel Tilden gave a brief history of our government. He discussed the part high school students can play in today's government and how they can contribute to the success of the United Nations. On Armistice Day, Captain Bennett, of the United States Navy, delivered an address. In the assembly commemorating "American Education Week," Mr. Froberger and Superintendent Frederick A. Calkin spoke on the significance of the week; and Mr. Hugh Nixon, secretary of the Massachusetts Teachers' Federation, informed the pupils of Scituate High School of the importance of an education. Memorial Day was appropriately observed with a solemn program.

However, most of the assemblies for the commemoration of special dates were student-participation programs. For the observance of Columbus Day a program was offered by the following students: Jon Flynn, Shirley Damon, Joanne MacDonald, Louise Reddy, and Ronald Fallon. The motion picture, "The People's Charter," was also shown. Another student-participation assembly was presented for Lincoln's and Washington's Birthdays. Robert Morrow, Edgar Locklin, Carol Stearns, Jane Flaherty, Peter Bennett, Bruce Wyman, Ellen O'Neil, and Ronald Duval contributed selections suitable to the occasion. One very interesting feature of this assembly was the tableau "The Four Freedoms," presented by Nancy Dwight, Janet Sternfelt, Charmaine Witt, Laura Sampson, Marion Damon, Dolores Parker, and Ida Vespaziani. On "Good Government Day" students of Miss Gile's senior history classes read the proclamation for that day and explained the structure of our government to the underclassmen. Other members of S. H. S. assisted in the Christmas Assembly. Although the band concert put on by the Scituate High School Band, did not commemorate a special date, it was enjoyed by all.

Not to be forgotten in the list of assemblies are those which were presented by the Junior High. Miss Giles' home room, 7A, put on a short but entertaining play, "A Dress-Up Party." The program produced by the pupils of Mrs. Williams' home room, 8B was also outstanding.

Part I consisted of the history of our flag in song and story, presented by David Stone, Sally Lee, Peter Nord, Evelyn Jenny, and Roxanna Turner. Part II was entitled "Three Minutes of the Latest News." In this part of the program Russell Paul spoke on "World Affairs"; Helen Murphy spoke on "United States News"; and Priscilla Merritt spoke on "Local News." Miss Vollmer's home room, 7B, and Miss Cunneen's home room, 8A, also produced excellent assemblies.

Although Mr. Walker is not a professional lecturer, he might well be one, for his lecture, "Life with an Olympic Hockey Team," was very interesting.

Outstanding were the assemblies which featured outside talent. Some of the lecturers and their subjects were as follows: Mr. John Bond, United Prison Association, "Prison Conditions"; Dr. F. Arnold Young, "English As She Is Spoke"; Dee Broeckman, "Life With an Olympic Team"; Marguerite Soule Shoemaker, "Exploring the Marine Wonderland"; Officer Little, "Safety Education"; Nutchuck, World Famous Eskimo, "Return from the Smoky Sea"; Miss Dunn, "Choosing a Vacation".

Last but not least were the football rallies, assemblies for the presentation of awards, and vocational movies.

Due credit should be given to the members of the faculty whose assistance and guidance contributed much to the success of student programs. May assemblies continue to be included in the activities of Scituate High School.

School Newspaper

Through the combined efforts of students and faculty, Scituate High School now has a school paper. This is the first attempt at a news sheet, and it has proved to be very successful. Much credit should be given to the newspaper staff for their excellent work. In a recent meeting of the staff, held to determine the most suitable name for the paper, "The Scituation" was chosen. The name was submitted by Shirley Damon.

S. H. S. Broadcast

On November 22, 1947, a group from the Scituate High School went to Brockton to present a broadcast over Station WBET. A girls' chorus consisting of Ida Vespaziani, Barbara Cole, Nancy Litchfield, Fannie Whorf, Janice Taylor, Florence Zalenski, Charmaine Witt, Laura Cerilli, and Joanne MacDonald sang several selections under the direction of Miss Gertrude Reynolds.

After the singing, a skit, "The Alcott Family," was presented over the air under the direction

of Miss Eleanor Gile. Those who took the parts of the members or friends of the famous Alcott family were Muriel Nichols, Barbara Best, Janet Allen, Laura Cerilli, Mary Lou Kilduff, Leland Towle, and Joanne MacDonald, narrator.

After their broadcast the group toured the radio station. They had a very interesting and enjoyable time during the whole experience.

Magazine Drive

The annual magazine drive of Scituate High School netted a profit for the school of \$238.50. Jean Prouty was manager of the drive with the help of Mr. Atkinson, faculty adviser. The school was divided into two teams, Army and Notre Dame, captained by Jon Flynn and Shirley Damon of the Senior Class.

The team turning in the most money was Notre Dame. Stanley McAvenia received a radio for selling the most subscriptions.

Oratorical Contest

Scituate High School participated again this year in the annual American Legion Oratorical Contest. In the intramural elimination Alette Dolan was chosen to represent the school with her oration, "The Rights We Defend." Other contestants were Louise Reddy, who spoke on "Privileges and Responsibilities of American Citizens" and Jon Flynn, who developed the subject, "Our Constitution in a Changing World."

In the district contest, which was held at State Teachers College in Bridgewater on March 7, Alette made a very creditable appearance and was awarded second prize. Representatives from nine schools of Barnstable and Plymouth Counties participated in this contest. The judges were five members of the faculty of Bridgewater Teachers College.

"Semper Petunt"

"Semper Petunt" is once again Scituate High's school song. A few years ago the song was originated by Mr. William Smith, former supervisor of music. Through the efforts of the Student Council "Semper Petunt" is now the official school song.

Community Drives

Again this year the students of Scituate High School have participated in various community drives. Students have given generously to the Red Cross, The March of Dimes, and the Tuberculosis Fund.

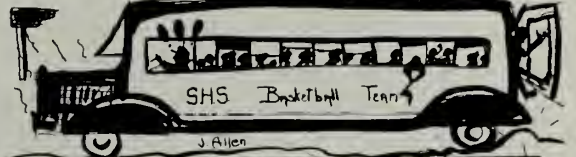


"But I'm telling you. If I'm to go around the world with the 'Olympics', I must leave this dance early."

LOCKER-ROOM INSPECTION



Give a cheer
Give a cheer
I'm looking over at
long eleven
Ra Chi Chi
were here because
here, because
because were
here



Freshman Dance
1943

What do you mean
NO-NYLONS !!
This is a lie isn't it?



"Reminiscing"
48

Well, Where am I
supposed
to put
this
stuff?



"And that leaves....."

7th Grade
Perspective

Mary Goodnow 7A

ARTISTIC
LICENSE

ART ROOM



P. Virtue

CHAPLAIN

HONOR ROLL

The following names have appeared on the honor roll at least once for the first three marking periods.

HIGH HONORS — ALL A's

BARBARA BEST — 1, 2
 MARY LOU CORRIGAN — 2
 ELIZABETH MURRILL — 2, 3
 JOHN CAHIR — 2

HONOR ROLL — ALL A's or B's

Seniors

Laura Cerilli
 Shirley Damon
 Alette Dolan
 Ronald Fallon
 James Fettig
 Verdella Goddard
 Jane Keyes

Joanne MacDonald
 Josephine Miles
 Eleanor Noble
 Mary Noble
 Martha Peirce
 Jean Prouty
 Leland Towle

Juniors

Fay Bissell
 Virginia Day
 Nancy Gilley
 Patricia Goddard

Cynthia Ross
 John Stewart
 Florence Zalenski

Velma Ahola
 Nancy Breen
 Joan Kettell
 Nancy Litchfield
 Jane Nord

Susan Anderson
 Peter Bennett
 Robert Burbank
 Joseph Cerilli
 Eugene Cohen
 Phillip Delano
 John Goodnow
 Mary Luce
 Harold McAvenia

Sophomores

Penelope Rich
 Carol Stearns
 Donna Vickery
 Charmaine Witt

Freshmen

Lois Merritt
 James Milroy
 Robert Morrow
 Scott Roberts
 Kilby Smith
 Ida Vespaziani
 Peter Virtue
 Bruce Wyman

HONORABLE MENTION

All A's or B's but one

Seniors

Stanwood Briggs
 Elizabeth Fleming
 Jon Flynn
 Earl Merritt

Louise Reddy
 Barbara Robischeau
 Jack Varney

Janet Best
 Barbara Cole
 Josephine Foniri

Juniors

John Bates
 Frances Dyer
 Marjorie Gannett
 Donald Heywood

Dorothy McPherson
 Janice Taylor
 Edwin Veiga

Sheila Brigham
 Virginia Cole
 Marion Damon
 Robert Heywood

Sophomores

Margaret Noble
 Laura Sampson

Freshmen

Pauline Hunter
 Roseanne Kane
 Charles Mitchell
 Muriel Nichols

JUNIOR HIGH HONOR ROLL

High Honors — All A's

SHEILA MAHONEY — 1, 3

HONOR ROLL — All A's or B's

Grade 8

Joyce Bamber
 Judith Bernard
 Madeline Browne
 Robert Browne
 Richard Clapp
 Ann Dacey
 Shirley Fitts

Barbara Hunter
 Evelyn Jenney
 Priscilla Merritt
 Helen Murphy
 Russell Paul
 Barbara Prouty

Stephen Chadbourne
 Mary Goodnow
 Elizabeth Grassie
 Edgar Locklin
 Ann McAuliffe
 Hugh Murphy

Grade 7

Neil Murphy
 Philip Palmer
 Suzanne Taggart
 Neil Towle
 Karl Virtue

HONORABLE MENTION

All A's or B's but one

Grade 8

James Bennett
 Lois Call
 Marilyn Dyer

John Kettell
 Sarah Lee
 Robert Mitchell

Judith Bongarzone
 Aram Brazillian
 Kenneth Brebner
 Richard Ford
 Donald Jenney

Grade 7

Dorothy Kane
 Douglas Mendell
 Phyllis O'Keefe
 Walter Stewart



STUDENT COUNCIL

FIRST ROW: E. Stewart, A. Dolan, J. Flynn, G. Jacobucci, J. Stewart, B. Best, E. Locklin.

SECOND ROW: Miss Harrington, adviser, E. Veiga, K. Manning, N. Breen, J. Mills, S. Damon, B. Murrill, J. Cahir, A. Dunphy.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Betty Murrill, '50

THE Student Council for 1947-1948 began its activities early in October. The representatives for this year are as follows: seniors — President Gabriel Jacobucci, Treasurer Jon Flynn, Shirley Damon, Secretary Alette Dolan, James Fettig (succeeded by Stanwood Briggs); juniors — Vice president John Stewart, Jack Mills, Edwin Veiga, Barbara Best; sophomores — Kathleen Manning, Nancy Breen, Betty Murrill; freshmen — John Cahir, Arthur Dunphy; grade 8 — Edward Stewart; grade 7 — Edgar Locklin.

Mr. Froberger and Miss Harrington, the Council's advisers, have ably assisted the group in all its work. At the first meeting Mr. Froberger outlined eight points on which the Council should take action: school spirit, respect for school property, ways to earn money, formation of a Student Association, worthwhile lunch period

activity, suitable football rallies, founding of an honor society, class advisers. As is plainly seen, the pattern of council work has closely followed those suggestions. During the year action was taken on many of these points. Rallies were held, and a newspaper was published, both promoting school spirit; programs were sold at one of the football games; a monitor system was installed in the locker rooms; delegates were sent to Student Council Conventions to see what other schools were doing to combat common problems, and to see if any other helpful suggestions were mentioned; and preparatory plans were made for a Student Association.

It is hoped that in subsequent years the Student Council will continue to work on the ideas suggested by the Council of 1947-1948.



BAND

FIRST ROW: F. Bissell, J. Dwight, J. Taylor, M. Peirce, M. Chase, M. Pratt.

SECOND ROW: F. Smith, E. Meyers, D. LaVange, V. Goddard, A. Dunphy,
D. Hollis, M. Kilduff, D. Stone.

THIRD ROW: Mr. Leach, J. Robinson, L. Merritt, C. Valine, J. Mills, R. Browne, E. Merritt,
C. Witt, J. Lopes.

BAND, ORCHESTRA AND GLEE CLUB

AT present our band and orchestra consist of twenty-five members and seven drum majorettes, under the skillful direction of Mr. Donald Leach. Both groups are comparatively small, and many more members are needed to make a better band. Let's all see if we can't enlarge it so that Scituate High will have a band and orchestra to be extra proud of.

The first major occurrence in the band schedule was to play for the blind men at the Children's Hospital on September 30, 1947. The performance was very much appreciated.

In November the Scituate High band played at the traditional Scituate-Cohasset "Turkey day" game, which was played on home territory. Having the band play added considerably to the excitement.

At the "Blue and White Varieties," the all-school production which was held in December,

the band and orchestra played selections during the short intermissions.

The glee club has now grown to the number of ninety-five pupils. It is divided into three groups, the freshman and sophomore girls, the junior and senior girls, and all the high school boys. Miss Gertrude Reynolds is in charge of all three groups.

On the last day of school before Christmas holidays, the girls' glee club sang Christmas carols in the corridors. This was enjoyed by both pupils and teachers.

Recently Mrs. Glenn Wilson, a well-known voice instructor, offered a scholarship to a pupil in the glee club, the scholarship to be one year of free voice lessons. From several who tried out for the scholarship, Mrs. Wilson chose Laura Cerilli as the most talented singer.



ORCHESTRA

FIRST ROW: R. Browne, J. Watts, B. Cole, S. Chadbourne, L. Merritt, E. Merritt.

SECOND ROW: Mr. Leach, C. Valine, M. Kilduff, E. Meyers, D. Hollis, J. Mills.

NEW ENGLAND MUSIC FESTIVAL

1947 - 1948

Earl Merritt, '48

THE New England School Music Festival was held in 1947 at Brattleboro, Vermont on March 19-22. There were present well over five hundred fifty school musicians from all over New England. These were divided into three organizations: namely, the orchestra, of which I was a member; the band; and the chorus. The chorus was by far the largest group with about three hundred fifty members.

The first three days were divided into three rehearsal periods with lunch and recreation periods in between. These rehearsals, although rather accelerated because of the tremendous amount of work to be done in short time, were

very enjoyable. The last day there were two concerts, afternoon and evening, following a rehearsal in the morning.

This year Scituate High was fortunate in having two delegates to the festival, which was held at South Portland, Maine, in April. Jack Mills of the Junior Class and I were accepted.

I believe that many values are obtained from activities of this kind. One of the most important is learning how to conduct yourself in a large group of students of your own age; others are musical experience, the chance to play in a large group before an audience, and the companionship of students with one interest in common, music.



KEY CLUB

FIRST ROW: L. Towle, S. Briggs, J. Flynn, R. Fallon, G. Jacobucci, R. Dunphy, P. Avery.

SECOND ROW: Mr. Froberger, adviser, E. Merritt, D. Coombs, E. Veiga, J. Stewart.

KEY CLUB

Robert Dunphy, '48

THE Key Club is an organization of high school boys sponsored by Kiwanis International. The local Kiwanis Club makes every effort to help us organize and to teach every member of our club rules of friendship and better government. At present the Scituate High School Key Club has eleven members, consisting of Junior and Senior boys who have qualified scholastically. Our president is Ronald Fallon; vice president, Jon Flynn; secretary, Robert Dunphy; and treasurer, Gabriel Jacobucci.

The purpose of this club, besides good fellowship, is to organize and work in every way possible for the benefit of our school and our com-

munity. During the recent basketball season, members of the Key Club were in charge of the sale of tickets at the home games. Our most important contribution to the school so far has been the purchase of a movie camera, which may be used to take pictures of athletic and other events. We have in mind other objectives, such as bleachers, uniforms, and a new field. We hope some day to have every boy in the last two years of Scituate High School a member of our organization.

During the year we have received excellent assistance from our principal, Mr. Froberger.



DRAMATICS

Louise Reddy, '48

What's What About Dramatics

This year a new and different all-school production was staged at Scituate High School. This variety show included everything. — a comedy of errors by Babs and her friends; a television act showing what's to come in radio; vocal numbers ranging from opera to jazz; stirring band music; the effortless grace of the ballerina. Yes, indeed! *Blue and White Varieties* was a splendid hit!

Friday Evening December 5, 1948

THE SCITUATE HIGH SCHOOL

Presented

THE ALL-SCHOOL PLAYERS

In

BLUE AND WHITE VARIETIES

Directed by

Mr. Donald Leach	Orchestra
Miss Anne Cnnneen	Junior High Coach
Miss Gertrude Reynolds	Music
Miss Eleanor Gile	Dramatic Coach

PROGRAM AND CAST

In order of appearance

ORCHESTRA

<i>Washington Post March</i>	Sonsa
<i>Will You Remember from Maytime</i>	Romberg
Duet — <i>Friends</i>	Smith
Earl Merritt and Mr. Leach	
Accompanied by Lois Merritt	
<i>National Emblem March</i>	Bagley

TELEVISION ACT

Junior High Dramateurs

Announcer	James Bennett
Mistress of Ceremonies	Priscilla Merritt
Dietetics Expert	Joyce Bamber
Story Hour Lady	Madeline Browne
All-Girl Chorus	Junior High Girls
Boy Soprano	Neil Murphy
Butterfly Ballet	Sheila Murphy, narrator
Sally Lee	prima ballerina

Assisted by

Ann Breen	Jane Burham
Jacqueline James	Barbara Hunter
Mary Goodnow	Gail O'Shea
Roxanna Turner	Barbara Prouty
Piano Accompaniment	by Miss Elizabeth Giles

VOCAL NUMBERS

<i>Musetta's Waltz Song from La Boheme</i>	
<i>Open Thy Heart</i>	Bizet
<i>Deep in My Heart, Dear from The Student Prince</i>	
<i>The Whiffenpoof Song</i>	Minngerode, Pomeroy Golloway, Valley

Performed by

Louise Reddy	Barbara Cole
Laura Cerilli	Nancy Litchfield
Charmaine Witt	Ida Vespaziani
Accompanied by Miss Reynolds	

Play (one-act)

BAB GOES DRAMATIC

<i>Bab Preston</i>	Louise Reddy
<i>Mrs. Preston</i>	Joanne MacDonald
<i>Lou Preston</i>	Lois Merritt
<i>Janet Preston</i>	Fannie Whorf
<i>Jimsey Preston</i>	John Davis
<i>Abicula Spinkum</i>	Laura Cerilli
<i>Mrs. Crewe</i>	Eunice Clapp
<i>Olivia Crewe</i>	Barbara Robischeau
<i>Polly</i>	Dorothy McPherson
<i>Vivian</i>	Verdella Goddard
<i>Ruddy</i>	John Goodnow
<i>Patsy</i>	Charmaine Witt
<i>Bill Sexton</i>	Charles Harney

Directed by Miss Eleanor Gile

PRODUCTION STAFF

<i>Scenery</i>	Miss Rowell and members of the Art Department
<i>Prompter</i>	Barbara Best
<i>Properties</i>	Nancy Gilley, Mary Lou Corrigan, Dama Sherman
<i>Lighting and Sound Effects</i>	James Robinson, Bruce Wyman
<i>Construction</i>	Mr. Benson and the boys in the Shop Department
<i>Costumes</i>	Miss Kingsbury, Dolores Parker
<i>Programs</i>	Miss Hawkes, Mary Noble, Jane Keyes, Carol Stearns
<i>Ushers</i>	Miss Harrington, Mary Lou Corrigan, Joan Kettell, Jane Nord, Penelope Rich, Carol Stearns, Donna Vickery

What's What About the Senior Play

Friday Evening

April 16, 1948

THE SENIOR CLASS

Presented

BIG-HEARTED HERBERT

Directed by

MISS ELEANOR GILE

CAST

In order of appearance

<i>Herbert Kalness</i>	Earl Merritt
<i>Roberta Kalness</i>	Verdella Goddard
<i>Elizabeth Kalness</i>	Jean Prouty
<i>Herbert Kalness, Junior</i>	Jon Flynn
<i>Alice Kalness</i>	Louise Reddy
<i>Andrew Goodrich</i>	Leland Towle
<i>Amy Lawrence</i>	Joanne MacDonald
<i>Jim Lawrence</i>	Ronald Fallon
<i>Mr. Goodrich</i>	William Green
<i>Mrs. Goodrich</i>	Elizabeth Fleming
<i>Mr. Havens</i>	Robert Dunphy
<i>Mrs. Havens</i>	Martha Peirce

Time — the present

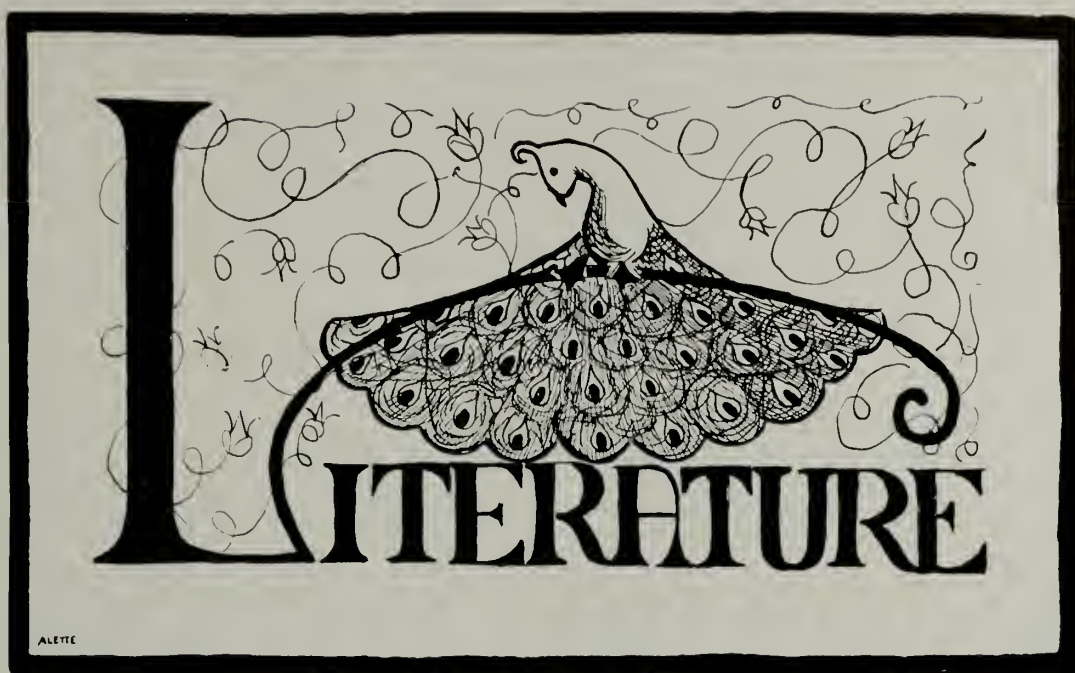
Scene — the apartment of the Kalness family, in a small mideastern city

PRODUCTION STAFF

<i>Scenery</i>	Miss Rowell and Senior members of the Art Department
<i>Prompters</i>	Janet Allen, Marjorie Macy
<i>Construction</i>	Mr. Benson assisted by Senior Boys
<i>Programs</i>	Miss Hawkes, Marjorie Macy, Eleanor Noble, Eunice Clapp

This year a completely new cast took the stage to present "Big-Hearted Herbert," the annual Senior Play. There were laughs and smiles at the antics of big-hearted Earl Merritt, and many people wondered how Jeanie Prouty remained so calm and serene until the last act. The tender romance and the wisecracks of Roberta helped make the Class of 1948 put forth its best effort in the field of dramatics.





EDITORIALS

SPIRIT

Alette Dolan, '48

"AMERICANS are slipping!" a friend told us the other day. We simply shrugged off the remark with the nonchalance of all teen-agers who are told to what horrible ends this younger generation is plummeting. "No," our friend went on, "it's not just you young folks who have lost the right spirit. Everyone seems too concerned with petty, selfish interests today to think about the world situation, his country, or his community. The greatest initiative anyone seems to take in current affairs lately is to grumble about them."

It is doubtful that this idea is entirely true, but it does deserve some thought, especially from us teen-agers. There isn't one among us anywhere who is so absorbed in jive, dates, or the new look, that he doesn't realize the dark threat that overshadows our whole democratic form of government. There is not a rational person in America who is unaware of the dark clouds of communism gathering on the horizon. Some young people don't realize, however, that we are the first line of defense against this dread foe. We are the ones who must build a mighty and unassailable bulwark to protect America against this menace — a bulwark of united, determined spirit!

The most important lesson school teaches us is the power of spirit or determination. History

cites instance after instance. Salient is the example of the American Revolution. No historian can attribute our victory to anything but spirit — the united resolute spirit of the colonists, pioneers in democracy. Social studies are not unique in demonstrating this power of spirit. The sciences deal entirely with discoveries made through a patient, yet ever-persevering spirit of inquiry. These are lessons we forget too easily, as complacent citizens of this rich and powerful country. Nevertheless, wealth, influence, material goods are inconsequential straws floating in the momentous tidal wave of human spirit.

Is our spirit today a surging flood? Or is it a stagnant pool? During the war the thundering waves of American spirit rolled from coast to coast, crashed and foamed high as the heavens. "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung with lustier voices. With greater fervor we saluted our flag. Churches were crowded with worshipers praying for their loved ones, praying for their country, praying for worldwide democracy and Christianity. Now the cannons are silent, the dead buried, the tears turned to smiles, the heroes returned, but what has become of our spirit? We are woefully near ebb water. We cannot let the tide turn.

It is not necessary to hate an enemy to rally spirit. We need only to open our eyes to the great miracle of our citizenship in the United States of America. We are free men. Each of us must take his place in the bulwark protecting the

earth from communism. And the mighty roar we hear echoing from the distant future — it is not the fall of another defenseless nation; it is the irrepressible, world-engulfing sea of united, determined spirit.

How Can We Increase Understanding Among Peoples?

Leland Towle, '48

"There was never a time, even in the midst of war, when it was so necessary to replace prejudice with truth, distortion with balance, and suspicion with understanding."

James R. Byrnes Secretary of State 1945-1947

THE problem of "replacing prejudice with truth, distortion with balance, and suspicion with understanding" throughout the world is a grave one. It probably means the difference between war and peace. War thrives on misunderstanding and suspicion; peace depends on substituting understanding and trust among peoples.

The world is building a political framework for peace through the United Nations General Assembly and Security Council. It is building an economic framework through several specialized organizations, such as the Food and Agriculture Organization. These require a third framework for their completion — world cultural cooperation. Unless men's minds are brought together, they cannot cooperate either politically or economically.

Our era has given peoples great influence on foreign affairs and has enabled them to speak directly to each other, by radio, travel, press, and films. The present need to bring men's minds together is matched by opportunity. If the powers of communication are used rightly, people will become more familiar with each other, and the United Nations will become as indissoluble as the United States.

The United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization is the world agency which is concerned with advancing understanding among peoples. This organization is backed by years of experience, reaching as far back as the League of Nations. The purpose of UNESCO is to promote mutual understanding and education for "world citizenship based on respect for law and human rights." UNESCO will recommend international agreements to permit the free movement of ideas. It will encourage mass communication to further mutual understanding. It will induce popular education, advocating equality of educational opportunity. UNESCO will increase and spread knowledge by conserving forms of culture, by encouraging intellectual cooperation, and by making the publications of every country accessible to all. It will keep in touch with and use all other agencies that are

in sympathy with its problems. Its purpose is to persuade, not to regulate. It will organize world conferences and may promote international universities. UNESCO is brought into relation with the United Nations through the Economic and Social Council.

A Commission on Human Rights has also been set up, which will try to make the four freedoms and the freedom of information international.

The United States is taking part in world affairs as never before. For this reason people all over the globe are eager to know more about us. However, our policies and actions will fail if they are misunderstood. People, if not given the real facts, will believe the distorted facts which are given to them by uncooperative countries. Their hopes and fears make them ready victims of false accusations unless they are told the truth. Government agencies are showing the peoples of the world what the United States and its people really are, through press and publications, broadcasting, motion pictures, exchange of persons and libraries and institutes.

Understanding can be increased by adding to our knowledge of other countries and by helping their citizens to know us better. We can correspond with people abroad; — a good way to begin is to reply to some of the letters thanking us for the food packages we have sent. We can read about other countries and introduce discussion of foreign affairs and foreign peoples with friends. These informal contacts will mold public opinion and make the world one.

Certain organizations study and discuss international relations, get up conferences and exchanges, finance education and health service abroad. We can help a great deal by supporting these organizations which are reaching constructively across national boundaries.

International understanding depends on every one of us. If we resolve not to let our minds be prejudiced and distorted by untruths, we will have already laid the cornerstone for world understanding and world peace.

The Youth of America vs. Communism

Shirley Damon, '48

WE, the youth of America, are faced with many grave problems, the most important, the most terrifying of which is communism. We have been told many times in many ways that we are the future citizens of this nation and of this world; that it is up to us whether this nation stands or falls; that it is up to us whether this world returns once again to a dark age, or goes on to a brighter, more progressive civilization. If we have never before sensed the meaning of these words, surely now with the world in its chaotic condition, we realize their full significance.

In recent weeks, Russia, without the pretenses and lies used by Hitler in 1938 and 1939, has taken over an immense portion of Europe. Surely, if any of us has had any ideas leaning the slightest bit toward communism, or has thought the communist attitude in any way admirable, he has changed his attitude with haste. We need only to read the recent issues of "Life," "Time," "Newsweek," or other such periodicals, to begin to realize what a cold, terrifying, and unalterable lot these Communists are.

The important question of the hour is, "Are we ready to stand up against the communist forces?" At the moment, I am not referring to the military preparedness of the United States, but rather to the attitude of American youth in the face of communism. We should have our minds barred against the entry of any communistic or socialistic trends. We should follow closely the events

of the day, both international and national, so as to foresee coming events and be prepared. We should try to stamp out any communistic or socialistic trends that we see or feel in our fellowmen by pointing out to those persons quickly and logically the great disaster that communism brings upon a nation and its people. Lastly, in order to do the aforementioned, we should study the tactics of the Communists that bring them into power; for in order to fight communism, we must know a bit of the origin, the organs of government, and the goals of the Communist Party. It takes but a few minutes to look up the Communist Party in an encyclopedia and to learn of the world domination goal that it has had in mind since World War I.

With the facts that can be gathered from encyclopedias and periodicals and with our fine democratic education, we should be well equipped to fight communism at every front, for it is our duty to protect this nation from communist domination and to help prevent further domination of the world. I'm prepared to fight communism whenever and wherever I can; are you? If we, the youth of America, all pull together to win this battle as we would to win a football game, we shall reach our goal in half the time that it will take if we lie down on the forty-yard line. So let's all roll up our sleeves and roll down the field towards our goal of a peaceful, democratic world, while our coaches, our parents, are standing on the sidelines shouting the battle cry. "FIGHT."

Representative For A Day

Jon Flynn, '48

Harry G. Hartwell of Mobile, Alabama was defeated in his race for Congressman in the First District. According to his statement filed with the Secretary of State, his expenditure of money was the least of all, as his statement shows:

"I lost six months and ten days canvassing, lost 1,000 hours sleep worrying over the results of the election, lost 20 pounds of flesh, kissed 500 babies, kindled 100 kitchen fires, put up 10 stoves, cut 11 cords of wood, carried 50 buckets of water, pulled 400 bundles of fodder, walked 1,000 miles, shook hands 20,000 times, talked enough to fill one month's issue of the *New York World*, got dog bit nine times, and then got defeated."

Unlike the unfortunate Mr. Hartwell, I was elected, — to represent the second Plymouth District in the General Court as part of a program

initiated by the Legislature to acquaint high school students with the organization and importance of state government. Good Government Day, as the program is called, was held on February 20, 1948, at the state capitol in Boston.

Representative Nathaniel Tilden, whose place I took in the Legislature, escorted me to the State House, where registration began at nine o'clock. After I had registered and received full identification cards, luncheon tickets, and necessary information, I was free to do as I pleased until ten o'clock when a joint session would be held in the House Chamber.

I decided to use my free time looking over the State House. After riding up and down in an elevator and taking directions from the operator several times, I made my way into the beautiful Hall of Flags. After I had enjoyed the splendor

of the Hall, I began looking for the House Chamber. I found it without too much difficulty (by following the crowd) and took my seat in the first section of the Chamber. I had been selected to serve on a committee of fifteen senators and representatives whose duty was to escort their Excellencies Governor Bradford and "Governor" Nichols into the joint session. After returning to our seats, we heard addresses from both Governors. Speaker of the House Willis, and Senator Sumner Whittier, who was responsible for the bill which made "Good Government Day" a law.

At 10:30 the Committee on Ways and Means met to consider Governor Bradford's Budget Recommendations for the fiscal year 1949 beginning July 1, 1948 and ending June 30, 1949. As a member of that committee, I joined in the discussion concerning various appropriations for such services as the Highway Fund and the Port of Boston Authority.

Committee hearings were held at 11:00 o'clock to discuss the bills which were to be taken up in the Legislature in the afternoon. I attended the hearing which dealt with House Bill No. 3 "Resolutions memorializing Congress in opposition to universal military training." After hearing the pros and cons of the important issue, the committee voted 9 to 6 against the bill.

We dined at the Boston City Club in true governmental style. After the completion of our meal, we returned to the capitol to take up the burning issues of the day.

The students took over the Governor's office, the various departments of government, and the Senate with dignity, decorum and delight, to say nothing of intense interest. However, the decorum was lacking in the House where the largest number gathered, and where the going was the roughest. The interest was burning, and we "representatives" had strong opinions on universal military training and wanted to express them.

It was a scrappy group of parliamentarians that faced House Speaker Miss Patricia Daly of Lowell. She proved quite capable of pounding us into submission, forcing a vote on U. M. T., and then railroading through an adjournment. To bring the whole affair off with some semblance of order, she finally had to throw over her advisers, Speaker Frederick B. Willis and House Clerk Lawrence R. Grove. She also had to ignore a parliamentary nicety and handle the whole affair like a woman — in her own way.

The resolution sought to memorialize Congress against universal military training. Thus, if one voted for the resolution it meant that he was

against universal military training, and if one voted against the resolution it meant that he was in favor of universal military training. The confusion was infectious.

Throughout the afternoon, Miss Daly ruled the rambunctious, raucous but deadly eager and serious students as we sought, almost without exception, to get the floor.

Finally as the clock reached 4:30 p.m. the question on the resolution was put to us. We voted in favor of the resolution against military training.

"Madam Speaker," one young man yelled, leaping to his feet, "we don't even know what's going on!"

It was decided to hold the vote over. Then the trouble began. "If you favor military training, you will vote for the resolution," Miss Daly began. There was a roar of protests. She called a recess. Mr. Grove, the clerk of the House of Representatives, stepped up and took the microphone. He explained very carefully that this was a negative resolution, and that we had to be careful. We listened attentively. Mr. Grove then proceeded to get mixed up. There was more noise.

Miss Daly took command. She called the House to order and said loud and clear into the microphone, "Everyone in favor of military training stand."

There were some protests. Speaker Willis started to step forward to explain that she wasn't taking a vote on the resolution. But he saw that Miss Daly was determined on a course of action and was not to be crossed. The shouts persisted from the floor.

We stood and were counted. We had voted for the bill by 137 to 86. I voted with the majority. Some faintly tried to challenge the vote on the question of parliamentary procedure. "It is too late to challenge the vote," Miss Daly declared, and pounded for order.

Somebody shouted for a motion for adjournment. Miss Daly caught it among the other shouts, called it to the attention of the House, called for a vote, declared that the "ayes" had it, — and the session was over.

Never had the house been filled with so many "legislators," nor so many spectators. The press gallery was packed. Some state representatives had strung out along the walls to coach the students; others just to observe.

The entire program was sponsored by the Massachusetts Civic League and financed by the Moses Kimball Fund for the Promotion of Good Citizenship.

Continued on page 36

WEBS

Josephine Miles, '48

All that was ugly and grim about the city was so altered by the falling mist that everything around her took on the exciting, enchanting qualities of a mystery . . .

She lifted her face unresistingly to the falling rain as if searching there for some answer to the wild, surging joy she experienced in the sudden freshness of the moment.

She felt that she must know how the parched earth feels with the first spattering of rain on its face . . . its thirst hardly quenched by the little drops, aching, craving, for more.

She knew what it must be like to gaze from the bottom of a pool through the rain-drops dotting its surface, into the rainbow above . . . for the silver drops fell into her unclosed eyes, splashing against her eyeballs and sending the images of little lights afloat, as if the tears of heaven had come down and replaced her own.

Lights sent sparkling paths across the pavement. Black rivers were flowing everywhere, and across them the paths of a hundred moons lighted her way home.

Light on the cobblestones made a shining web, as if some monstrous spider had spun the wretched alleys with pure silver . . .

Fresh, and washed clean, breathing the mysterious dew of night, she made her way through the labyrinth of alleys, and then, turning abruptly, fled up the stairs of her dank, foul apartment . . .

The Old Cape Coddler

Stanwood Briggs, '48

I met him just as he was climbing into his skiff. It was early morning and the sand was cold and damp from the night.

"Wait a minute!" I called as I ran over to him. He stopped and looked up at me.

"What can I do for yuh?" he asked, wiping his nose with a big red bandanna. With one glance of his keen blue eyes, he appraised me.

For my part I saw a tall, slightly-stooped old man, perhaps sixty-five or seventy years old. He wore an old flannel shirt and faded blue overalls. He had on old tattered rubber boots and a long-visored fishing cap.

"Would you hire me for a couple of weeks?" I asked him. "I want to learn how to fish."

"All depends," he replied, a twinkle in his eye.

"Depends on what?" I asked feeling helpless.

"On whether or not you are a cap'ble scaman."

"The town that I come from is on the ocean and I own a skiff there," I replied, anxious to make a good impression on the old man.

"I'll give you a chance today. Climb aboard and shove off," he said and lit his pipe.

I jumped into the stern and pushed off. The old man rowed.

"My name is Joe Basset," I offered by way of conversation.

"Minc's Bob Nickerson," he replied.

We rowed to the fishing boat in silence, my companion puffing on his old battered pipe and I watching the gulls overhead.

The fishing boat was just like the owner, old but neat and clean. I watched while he got the old model-A engine running.

"Cast off the bow line!" he shouted above the unmuffled roar of the engine. I hastened to obey, and soon we were chugging down toward open ocean.

"Can you take the helm? I have some hooks to bait," he suddenly demanded.

"Sure," I answered, glad of a chance to prove my worth to the skeptical old man.

"Keep'er to the starboard."

I did as I was commanded.

"Not so far over," he shouted. "Do you want to run us aground?"

So it was all day. I never did anything right. At least nothing was right as far as he was concerned. Take the matter of pulling the trolls. First I ran the boat too fast and then too slow. He shouted at me constantly in his funny Cape Cod drawl. I was afraid he would not hire me.

On the way to the dock he was silent. I didn't know what to do or say, so I just sat. Although I had made many mistakes, I loved the sea and wanted a chance to make good at my first real job. I wanted to tell him just how much the job would mean to me, but the words wouldn't come.

There were several men loafing on the pier as we came in. As we tied, the old man took his pipe out of his mouth, spat with accuracy on an old piling and then cleared his throat.

"Boys," he drawled, "I want you to meet my new crew member. What's your name again?"

"Joe Basset," I choked out and my eyes filled with tears. I tried to thank him, but all he said was to "unload them fish."

Stars

Brooke Durant, '48

Did you ever lie on your back and gaze up
on high,
Toward the bright heavenly bodies far up in
the sky.
And wonder how large the speck may be
That's shining down at you and me?
Have you looked at one star with its endless
glimmer
To wonder why its rays shine and shimmer?
Did you ever wonder if these dots bear life?
Whether people there have hardships and strife?
Or if from these dots life be extinct
How to the universe is our earth linked?
And then a white snake is made by a star, —
The number of miles is just how far?
Then what of this celestial sphere?
The thought of it may turn to fear.
As you think what's beyond the stars in the sky.
The thoughts are endless of the Powers on high.

My Most Unforgettable Characters

Alette Dolan, '48

I've met a lot of characters in my life, people that have made me laugh or weep, or that have moved me to pity or disgust. But I shall forget many of them.

The only real people in the world, those whose character you can never forget, are children. Only during childhood is the true personality of an individual evident. After years of hearing, "People won't like you if you do that, dear . . . Nice little boys don't say such things . . . Please show your best manners at Sunday School," and all the parental admonitions that go with "a good bringing up," nearly all of us are worn down to the same pattern. That is why unforgettable characters are so rare among adults that when one is finally discovered, his admirers go to great lengths publicizing him.

Of course, the sobering phenomenon that accompanies growing older is necessary. The salt of the earth would certainly lose its flavor if we all retained the marvelously uninhibited temperaments of our childhood. But if you ever decide that life is dull and humans are duller, run out and really get acquainted with those little people playing in your back yard.

The first time that I was confronted with a large group of children, I was not aware of each little individualist and the remarkable mannerisms that were his, and his alone. I was more occupied with exhibiting my new dress, and my new haircut, and my patent leathers, which were surely worthy of such a great event as my first

day in the first grade. But even during that year and the succeeding ones, before I learned to appreciate children, there loomed an unforgettable.

I can see Tommy now, his face covered with freckles, where you could see through the dirt, and topped by a tangle of brown hair which was badly in need of cutting. He wore a pair of grey corduroy knickers that bagged nearly to his ankles, bought "with room to grow into them." He sloshed along in a mud puddle, happily disdaining the sidewalk, stooping now and then to pick up a wriggling angle worm and pop it into his pocket. Here was a 1936 Tom Sawyer. I'd call him a real American boy, but the teachers and the good mothers of the neighborhood had other names for him. Tommy loved to collect things, and never seemed to be without a mouse, a snake or a toad in his pocket. Somehow he never caught the *usual* childhood diseases. He bothered only with small pox. And once he broke his leg by scaling a six-foot wooden fence and landing twenty-six feet below on the other side, in a newly-excavated cellar. When we were in the sixth grade, Tommy got a new bike for his birthday. I never saw him again, for I moved away two weeks later and Tommy was in the hospital at the time. He'd had a little accident with his bike.

People talk about children being frightened by their teachers. I was thirteen when I first attempted teaching Sunday School, and I was never so terrified in my life. At this point another character whom I shall not soon forget reared his impish little head. He announced that his name was "Sherbie," and would I please tell him how to spell "antidisestablishmentarianism"? While I nervously sought to regain my composure, Sherbie regaled the class with the latest moron stories. He had electric brown eyes, and an amusingly short brush of straight black hair. While most second graders were content to chant "Ohh aaah oooh", Sherbie sang his hymns like a man. He loudly caroled, "Bring forth the royal diaphragm, and crown Him Lord of all." I've never seen anyone more naturally alert than Sherbie. He seldom missed an opportunity to display his wit. Once he was sent to get a large manila envelope for our collection money. He returned with a small pink one. "They didn't have any manila," he apologized. "So I got strawberry."

Perhaps the thought of a teen-ager writing about children amuses you as much as Joan amused me this evening. I was reminding her how she used to say her ABC's — ABCDEFG, HIJKLMN, OP, QRS, and TUV, WHDH, Boston!" Joan laughed. "I used to be funny when I was a little girl, huh, Let?" Joan is three now.

Thinking

Elizabeth Grassie, 7A

I wish I could think of what rhymes with *Chimes*
Of course there are words like *climbs* and *limes*,
But my poem would be of no consequence
If I wrote down words that made no sense;
I wish I could think of words and rhymes
So I could write a poem for the *Chimes*.

Adventures on The High Seas

Betty Murrill, '50

The southwest wind leisurely moved the dirty, gray sail. Slowly the sun sank in a blaze of crimson glory below the water as, one by one, the clouds drifted across the sky, seeking a haven for the night. In the stern of the cat boat, the rhythmic flap-flap of the water could be heard as the waves beat against the bow.

Jeremiah Thompson, an old salt of the "life begins at eighty group," opened his water canteen and took a mouthful. "Well I'm not as sickly and delicate as they say," he thought. He did not notice that the current had pulled him far out to sea. His only thoughts were that he had outsmarted his sons. Old and sickly! Hmp! He'd show 'em — wasn't a man round about who could beat him in a cat boat race.

* * *

Meanwhile the schooner, *Alhambra*, carrying tea and silk from the far-off Orient, slowly moved along. On deck, groups of about ten dark-skinned natives pulled at their oars, always mindful of the thick iron chains that bound them to their places. The heat was blistering even though the sun had disappeared from sight.

Overlooking the slaves, Captain Ranson stood with a troubled look on his brow and a horsehide whip in his hand.

On the upper deck were many cabins. One such cabin was filled with a haze from an incense pot which stood on an ornately-carved table. Beaded curtains hung limp against the portholes. Blending in with her surroundings, a beautiful girl sat combing her dark hair into rich waves. With a flip of her wrist she tucked a pearl-studded comb into her hair.

Outside Captain Ranson paced the deck. They were in pirate waters now, and with the cargo they were carrying, anything could happen. Seeing an outline against the horizon, he took his spyglass and looked. It was a ship, and it was flying the "Jolly Roger".

Rapidly the ship approached and drew along

side the *Alhambra*. Guns roared and cutlasses flashed.

* * *

All this time old Mr. Thompson sat stunned and unbelieving. It wasn't possible — a pirate ship fighting with a schooner in 1943.

Pirates, meanwhile, clambered on board the *Alhambra*. Some fought with the crew of the ship while others started unloading the cargo. Suddenly a woman screamed as she was pushed over the side from the upper deck.

At this point Jeremiah Thompson passed out.

When he came to, it was morning and the sea was placid. For a while he remembered nothing and then it all came back to him — the battle and the woman screaming as she fell. "My mind must have cracked! The sun was too much for me," he thought.

However, glancing down, he saw something unusual. No, it couldn't be! But it was — a pearl-studded comb such as would be worn by a young woman of the 1700's. Then he remembered. As the woman fell, something white had flashed in the air.

When he reached home and told his story, no one believed him. He must have dreamed it. But yet the comb! How did it get there?

That night Jeremiah Thompson died. The doctor said that the excitement had been too much for his heart.

Two days later an article appeared in the "Craigville Times" saying that scenes for the new movie, "Piracy on the High Seas", were being taken six miles out from the harbor of Craigville. Jeremiah had seen Hollywood in action.

Beautiful and Not Dumb

Janet Allen, '48

I remember well the first day I met her. The country was resplendent in its autumn foliage. On a knoll at my left stood a clump of beeches, their leaves a golden shower. To the right grew scarlet sumac massed about a slender white birch, and in the distance I could see a purple hill silhouetted against a curtain of rich blue sky. It was a special sort of day. She stood in front of me partly concealed by tall grass. She was so small she could only utter little whimpers, but she was trying very hard to talk and tell me all her troubles. She liked me . . . and I liked her; that's all that really counted.

At first I fed her with a teaspoon, but she's a big girl now and eats everything in sight without help from me. When she hears the refrigerator door open and close, she thinks it is her cue

to eat. She loves raw carrots, celery, cabbage and lettuce. I think she enjoys the crunching noise she creates when she eats crisp things. Actually, she eats anything edible. She reminds me of the dog mentioned in the advertisement, "Dog for Sale. Will eat anything. Very fond of children."

So now you know, even if you didn't guess before, that this is a character sketch of my little black and white cocker spaniel, Dottie, alias "Saturday Evening Post Dog." Undoubtedly you have seen the cover of the "Saturday Evening Post" when the little dog has appeared, caught in some act of mischief.

The first few weeks after Dottie came to live with us were times of tattered slippers, tipped-over wastepaper baskets, bed spreads covered with dirty little foot prints, and all the rest of the signs of a puppy in the house. But we didn't mind. — not even the time she chewed the bubble gum and got it so badly matted in her fur that she had to have a haircut. Unfortunately, we couldn't trim the rug. We just scrubbed it hard, and thought about how funny she had looked frantically stringing that gum between her two front paws.

I remember the morning I came down to breakfast and started to squeeze some oranges for myself. In a second, Dottie was at my feet asking for just a little taste. She asked in her usual way, a short sharp bark. So I gave her one piece just to keep her quiet. Have you ever heard of a dog eating oranges? Well, I hadn't. I turned my back on her and continued to cut oranges. In the background I could hear a contented slurp! slurp! slurp! It definitely was not restrained and not at all lady-like. It just couldn't be Dottie. Quietly I turned around and looked, and sure enough, big as life, Dottie was enjoying her section of breakfast orange, eating just as a human being would eat it, holding it between her forepaws.

After many trials and tribulations, I succeeded in teaching Dottie to sit up. I placed her in the corner of the living room for the first step, and pushed her up on her haunches, repeating the command, "Up, Dottie, up." But her tail slipped from under her and down she went. She looked so ridiculous sprawled out on the floor that I just had to laugh at her. When I straightened up, she was gone. I had hurt her pride laughing at her. She left me sitting in the middle of the floor. I turned just in time to see her peeking around the doorframe to see what I would do next. I coaxed her out, and after a long struggle she managed to lean into the corner with her forepaws up in a begging position.

After that first lesson, her education progressed more rapidly. But one lesson she learned by herself. It all started one day when my mother removed a shelf from the hot stove to make room for the roast. Mother put the shelf on the floor and went to answer the telephone. Suddenly Dottie began to bark with such frenzy that we all ran to the kitchen. The floor was smoking from the hot grate, and Dottie was dancing around barking like mad. We all petted her and called her a smart dog, and she was certainly very proud of her performance. From then on, Dottie was official fire-fighter around the house. Unsuspecting guests, striking matches to light cigarettes, found themselves sitting foolishly with a smoking match in their hands. Dottie put them out with her paws. We always had to put a screen in front of the fireplace to keep Dottie from putting out the fire. It was an obsession with her. Any cigarette butt snapped into the grass was immediately extinguished by those busy little paws. Alas, it all came to an abrupt end one afternoon when a smart young man thrust a flaming match too close to her nose. She was badly burned, and will have nothing further to do with fire. I think the house could burn down, and she would sit by and stare at it coldly.

Dottie is quite different from any other dog we have ever had. But then, why shouldn't she be: dogs are like human beings. Each is an individual with his own unique personality.

Dottie has a clump of curls that stand on end every time the front door bell rings. Her eyes are a soft, melting brown color and always have a pleadingly-innocent look, especially when there is a broken potted geranium on the floor. Her little feet look like old-fashioned rocker skates, and they flop up and down when she trots. Have you ever seen Dumbo, the Elephant? Well, Dottie looks just like Dumbo when she runs, ears flopping, and some day I expect she will take right off into the wild blue yonder.

People who believe that dogs are just dumb animals are missing something special in life. They are missing a companionship and understanding that would survive under any circumstance. It has been proved that dogs have more common sense than some human beings.

March Winds

Robert Rodrick, 7B

March winds blow, oh, so strong!
Turn the corner, don't stop long!
Hold your hat on very tight!
And run, run, with all your might!

Peggy's Sacrifice

Josephine Foniri, '50

Peggy went running gaily up the front steps. "Anyone home?" she cried.

"Just me," said Mrs. Drew. "What are you so excited about?"

"Oh, Mother, the girls are going to let me join the club. Isn't that wonderful? I've waited so long, and now I'm almost in it," Peggy said.

"Is that all? I thought something really important had happened," was Mrs. Drew's uninterested reply.

"Mother how can you use such an uninterested tone of voice?" Peggy said.

"Calm down, dear. Run upstairs and get ready for dinner," said Mrs. Drew.

Peggy ran happily up the stairs to wash and dress for dinner. She was a lovely teen-age girl whom everyone liked because of her sunny disposition and friendliness. She heard her father come in a few minutes later and ran down to meet him.

"Daddy, did Mom tell you I'm joining the girl's club?" said Peggy.

"That's nice," was Mr. Drew's indifferent reply.

"Oh," groaned Peggy, "you people simply aggravate me. Don't you realize that only the really exclusive girls belong? Now that I'm finally practically in the club, do you people show some pleasure? No! All you can say is, 'That's nice'."

Mr. and Mrs. Drew both laughed at Peggy's dismayed voice.

They were sitting around the dinner table listening to Peggy as she chatted on and on about her club and various school activities.

A while later Mr. Drew said, "A new family has just moved into town. They live a few blocks down the street. They have a daughter who is just Peg's age. I hope you'll make friends with her, Peg."

"Of course I will, Dad," said Peggy. "I'll even try to get her into the club."

The next day on her way to school Peggy met the new girl. The girl, whose name was Rebecca Goldman, was very attractive. The girls became good friends and walked together towards the bus stop.

"I'll try to get you into the club I am about to join. The club is very nice and they have parties and other types of activities," said Peggy.

"Oh, that will be nice. I do hope the other girls like me," was Rebecca's serious reply.

"I'm sure they will," replied Peggy. "Come on, here comes the school bus."

After school was out, Peggy ran to meet her girl friends. She noticed that Rebecca stood alone so she called to her, "Rebecca, come over. I want you to meet some of the girls." Peggy really didn't know what happened, but the girls gave her one look and walked away with just a goodbye to Peggy.

Rebecca said, "Why didn't your friends want to meet me?"

"Of course they wanted to meet you. Rebecca, but they had some important things to do. Come on," said Peggy. "let's go have a soda."

When Peggy got home, she was still wondering about what had happened. She was going to the club meeting that night and she could ask the girls then if Rebecca could join. Naturally they would say yes.

That night at the dinner table Mr. Drew said, "I was just reading in the paper about some people in this country who are against other races."

Peggy was horrified and said, "I'm glad that in this town there aren't people who would hold a person's birthplace against him."

"You may be mistaken, dear. Even some of your friends may be like that. But, Peg, I want you to always remember that 'all men are created equal'," said Mr. Drew.

Peggy laughed and said, "My friends certainly aren't like that."

At the club meeting the girls chatted on gaily. Finally Peggy said, "Why don't we let the new girl, Rebecca Goldman, join? She's really a swell girl."

Some of the girls looked horrified. "How can you even suggest such a thing? She's a Jew. It's simply out of the question to let her join," said the leader of the club.

Peggy couldn't believe her ears. Her friends wouldn't say such things! Her own dear friends were the people her father was talking about. She said angrily, "What's wrong with being a Jew? She's just as good as any of us in this room. How dare you even insinuate that she's not as good as we are? If it weren't for the mixed races in this country we wouldn't be the great nation we are today. Do you girls realize that many of us girls in this room may be of different descent? I'm quitting this club. I wouldn't feel happy about belonging to a club where the girls disliked the different races of people."

Peggy ran home and burst into tears. When her mother and father asked why she was crying, Peggy told them the whole story. Never before had Peggy seen such love and pride in her par-

ents' faces as when they looked at her. They assured her that everything would turn out all right.

Rebecca tried very hard to win the friendship of the other girls. She was a very good student and got good marks. She joined the sports teams and became an outstanding player.

Peggy tried hard to be happy, but she just couldn't. Before she had always been so happy with her friends and different school activities. Of course she had done right in telling the girls what she thought, but now thinking back she wondered if she should have said those things to the girls.

One day Peggy's girl friends came over. Peggy asked, "What do you girls want?"

The girls replied, "We've come over to apologize. We realize now that you were right. Rebecca is really a swell girl. We want you both to come and join the club."

Peggy was so happy! Of course she would join.

The girls then went to get Rebecca and tell her the good news.

Mrs. Drew watched them go. She smiled and returned to her household tasks.

The Last of the Belle

David Coombs, '48

Three days out of port was the fishing boat *Belle*.
Beginning a story her crew cannot tell.

The sea was calm on that mid-winter's morning.
"It means nothing but trouble," was the stern
skipper's warning.

The mercury fell and the wind did rise;
And the hard driving hail blinded his eyes.
The crew down below who were safe in their berth
Could hear roaring on deck like beach and the
surf.

The helmsman held true to his course as was told;
The skipper behind him his orders would scold.
Soon ice began forming on the rail and the deck
Which the crew vainly tried to keep in check.
Her hull was of steel, and was just newly formed,
And would hold against any sea in a storm.
But the spray formed new ice which could not
be removed:

Then an order to port which the men all approved.
Two days and two nights the crew battled the
blast.

The ship it was clothed in a white icy cast.
The seas now grew higher than ever before:
The skipper replied, "We can't take much more."
As dawn of the third day broke into view,
Nothing was seen of the *Belle* and her crew.
Her topsides were laden with new ice that night.
She floundered and wallowed then gave up the
fight.

Spring

Joan McEleney, 7B

Hear the March winds blow
As o'er the meadows they go!
They tell the world that spring is here,
And that the summer also is near.

Memories

Louise Reddy, '48

As my alarm clock shrilled out its harsh note.
I groaned and turned over to shut it off. Suddenly, I became wide awake and realized that it was now or never. Cautiously I inched one foot out of bed. My eyes closed again, but will-power got the best of me. I scrambled out of bed, trying not to wake the rest of the house. "Whose crazy idea was this, anyway," I mused to myself, "getting up at half-past three in the morning, just to go out fishing."

I dressed in the dark and made my way toward the kitchen, praying that the dog wouldn't start to bark. Finally I succeeded in opening the door to the kitchen and finding my way to the wall-switch, and the room flooded with light. I peered out the kitchen window and found that the stars were still shining. The wind was not blowing very hard, and it looked as if it might be a good day. But — who can tell at three-thirty in the morning?

I drew some water and put the teakettle on. At least I could have something hot to drink before I left. I silently opened the cupboard door and looked for some cookies to take with me. In my haste to leave my room I had forgotten my rubber boots, so I had to steal back and get them. At last, I was ready to drink my cup of tea.

I silently pleaded, "Please make him a little late. This is awfully hot." And so, I gulped furtively at my hot tea and munched on some cookies.

My ears were alert for every sound, straining to hear the roar of the old Buick's motor. All of a sudden as I heard it, I made a grab for the dog. "Don't you dare bark," I whispered to him in a menacing tone. Alas, it was of no avail, he did just the same. I took my yellow slicker off its hook and ran out of the house, taking care to close the door quietly behind me.

Not a soul was stirring as we sped quickly through the two towns to the harbor. But, oh what a surprise! The harbor bustled with activity. Men yelled "hellos," and the roar of engines filled the air. Little lights, the guide lights on top of the boats, started blinking everywhere. Carrying two gasoline cans, bushel baskets and

other odds and ends, we made our way down the steep ramp, for it was dead-low tide. There on the dock stood Bill and Jim, each looking half-asleep. Oh, we were going to have company this morning. We rowed out to the white boat, which was riding majestically at anchor. She looked almost like a ghost as she loomed up at us through the darkness. Far-away, I heard the town-clock striking four.

After a brief struggle with the motor (each boy took his turn cranking), we cast off and began steering our way out of the harbor. This was my job. We wove in and around the boats lying at anchor, and they bobbed and rocked as the waves from our path hit them. The beacon light shone steadily, and soon I was out in the channel, trying to line-up can-buoys and the winking lights. I headed straight out to sea, using Minot's as a beacon. Then I turned and went up the coast toward Nantasket, but still heading out to sea.

We were going to pull the Black Rock string first, so as we neared the ledges, I gladly gave up my job as skipper to someone who knew the ledges and rocks better than I did.

By this time, dawn had begun to break and I could sit on the bow and watch the varied lights as they rose from the horizon. Each star flickered and winked as if to say "good-night" and then faded out to the bright light of the sun. There it was — a bright, rosy-red ball sticking its head up over the dark, blue ocean. Every time I watched a sunrise, it gave me the same thrill. I wanted to stand-up, and sing and shout and tell everyone how wonderful it was to be alive and free.

The sun rose higher and higher, and gradually we began to shed our heavy sweaters and slickers to enjoy its warmth. I sat on the engine-box, and measured and pegged the lobsters as they were handed to me. This was easy and lots of fun. I could sit back and enjoy myself while everyone else worked, that is, almost everyone else. We pulled the last lobster-pot and started the long trek back to the harbor. I was put on the job as skipper again, but I didn't mind, for I'd rather do that than clean-up the boat.

All the way into the harbor, there was a neat procession of white boats. The people from the yachts and sail-boats called and waved as we went by. Many of the people in the house bordering the channel were swimming and they, too, called to us.

We docked the boat at its mooring and collected the things to take ashore, the gas cans, the baskets of lobsters, the heavy clothes; and then, we all climbed into the dory and rowed to the landing.

"A crazy idea?" As I sat on the steps in the sunshine and recalled the events of the morning, the beautiful sunrise, the swift white boats busy about their work, the friendly people that we greeted at the harbor, I mused to myself, "I guess I'll go again tomorrow."

Alaskan Pioneer

Paul Avery, '48

When I read the thermometer outside the Anchorage Hotel, I could hardly believe my eyes. It read 90° above. I casually remarked to an elderly man standing beside the door, that I thought Alaska was a cold country. He said he had seen the thermometer read 95° above and 57° below zero.

His name was Herman Gelch. He wasn't very tall, only about five foot six or seven. He was seventy-two years old, and had been in Alaska for fifty years. He was dressed in a blue pin-striped suit and a ten gallon hat, but his ruddy weather-beaten face made him look as if he had lived out-of-doors all his life. Across his vest stretched a watch chain made out of gold nuggets that he had mined himself. They were valued at fifteen hundred dollars.

Slowly I drew his life story out of him. This is what he told me.

His full name was Herman Francis Gelch. He was born in 1876, the youngest son of five children. He was raised on a farm in Nebraska, but he didn't like farming so he left home at the age of seventeen to go to the city and find work.

After knocking around the country for a few years, he finally landed in San Francisco and got a job on the docks as a stevedore. He decided to stay on this job and save his money for a trip home. For two years he worked and saved, 'til one night, while unloading a ship from Seward, he heard some sailors talking about Alaska. Right then he decided he had to go and see Alaska.

He arrived in Seward on his twenty-second birthday and found a job as a busboy in a saloon, sometimes making as much as fifty dollars a night. Soon tiring of rustling dishes, he went to work driving the dog-sled which took the mail into the interior. After four years, he gave up driving the mail and started prospecting.

Beaver, near Fort Yukon, was the site of his first strike. He mined gold steadily for three years, coming into civilization only in the fall for supplies and to bank his gold dust.

The only food he could keep was canned goods and flour. He had to rely on nature and his gun for any meat he had. During the cruel winters he had to endure many hardships, when the

thermometer hovered forty or fifty degrees below zero.

Unlike most prospectors, he saved his money. The reason for this, he told me, was that he had to work so hard to get it. During the winter he would build a fire, out of branches, over the spot he was going to excavate, then with pick and shovel dig as much gravel as he could before the ground froze again. He would do this all winter long heaping the gravel in piles near the river. In the spring, when the river thawed out, he would pan the gold out of the gravel piles.

After three years of this, he had saved a small fortune. He then sold his claim to a northwestern mining company and came back to Anchorage to settle down. Unable to stay idle for very long, he became general construction foreman on the Alaskan Railway Company, which is controlled by the Department of Interior of the United States Government. He held this job for twenty years.

Today he is retired and lives in the Anchorage Hotel. He gets a pension from the United States Government in addition to his own savings. Periodically, he visits the States but is always in a hurry to get back to Alaska for fear of dying in the United States. He said he wants to die in Alaska, the country he loves and helped to pioneer.

Representative For A Day

Continued from page 28

I wish to thank the Massachusetts Civic League and the various officials and legislators who co-operated with youth to bring about this novel session. I also wish to extend my sincerest appreciation to my fellow students whose support enabled me to attend this memorable occasion. — an occasion which convinced me that politics and government, at their best, are among the worthiest pursuits of good citizens. We may be sure that our youth will be made better in the future through practical training in citizenship.

* * *

Sternfelt walked into a pet shop. "I want to buy a good watchdog. I live way out at Mungo's Corner and I hate to leave my mother unprotected while I'm away at school."

"I have just the dog for you! — A pinscer," exclaimed the dealer.

"Oh, not for me, thanks," countered Sternfelt. "I don't want a dog that pinches: I want a dog. Speaking of doctors, why does Earl Merritt cat thirty-watt bulbs for lunch?"

Because the doctor put him on a light diet, that bites."

The Explorations of Dr. Small His Experiences in America

Peter Bennett, '51

The crew on the ship, on which he was crossing the Atlantic, sighted shore first: and when the captain yelled, "Shore sighted," everybody, including Dr. Small, went up on deck. All Dr. Small could see was a burned-up land. He wondered how a fire could burn down a big country like this. Every other explorer thought a fire started up in the mountains had set the country on fire.

Dr. Small, along with his helpers Pete and Mike, landed on a shore which had a little bit of plant life on. They then set to work to try to find traces of the lost civilization.

All of a sudden, Mike popped up saying, "Look, what I found!"

"What is it?" questioned Pete.

Dr. Small said, "Let's open it and see what's inside."

So they looked inside a faded comic book which had been found hidden under a rock, and saw Captain Marvel flying through air in a picture; another saw somebody killing another person; and Dr. Small found in another picture animals speaking.

"My! What a queer world that must have been!" said Mike.

"Boy! You wouldn't be safe around there with people everywhere ready to kill you!" exclaimed Pete.

"Animals talking! That's the last straw!" shouted Dr. Small.

"Let's see if we can find anything else," said Pete.

"Boy! Look at this picture!" snapped Mike.

"Somebody's hitting somebody else," exclaimed Dr. Small.

Then they looked around to see if they could find anything else.

They dug up tree stumps and everything else around.

Then they found a calendar, full of bathing beauties.

"Boy! They didn't wear much; did they," said Mike.

Then they left the place where they had been exploring and went back to their native country.

When they got home Dr. Small said that people who lived in the United States must have been a queer race of people, but Pete said that he would have liked to live in the United States.

So, I guess we are a queer race of people, but I don't mind, do you?

INSIDE S.H.S.



The girls idea of a perfect Geography Class

Bob Dunphy After four years at "Mass State!"

-GALA-
CLASS REUNION
1948-1998



"ANDREW"
TOWLE
JUST CAN'T
help
DREAMING
ABOUT
"ALICE"
REDDY

ED. NOTE:
(SENIOR CLASSPLAY)



"OFF TO BEAVER"
"OFF TO BEAVER"

SAY, MARTHA, I WONDER
WHAT EVER
BECAME OF OUR
OTHER CLASS
OFFICERS?

Test

Homestead
World Court
U.N.



Homework
Next
5 chapters

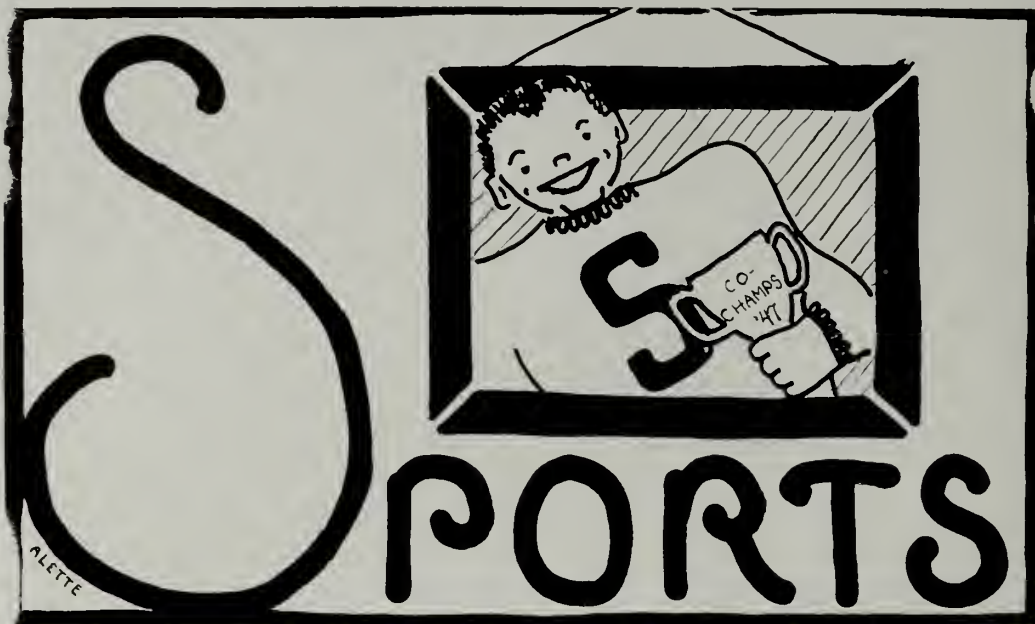
Many Seniors will
be attending
institutions
of higher
education
NEXT
FALL

Seniors
(after one year of U.S. History)



"Watch out for a trick play man" (Gastus's misty attack)





CHEER LEADERS

F. Dyer, P. Goddard, P. Mitchell, M. Peirce, V. Goddard, D. McPherson, J. Tobin.



HOCKEY

FIRST ROW: J. Prouty, M. Macy, H. Dowd, J. Miles, J. Allen.

SECOND ROW: Miss Riggs, M. Roy, N. Breen, K. Manning, M. Chase, C. Ross, J. Taylor.

THIRD ROW: D. Parker, S. Mongeau, F. Bissell, M. Dowd.

HOCKEY

Patsy Goddard, '49, Ginny Day, '49

OUR first hockey game was at Cohasset on a cool fall day. The girls played a very fast and thrill-packed game, coming out on top 1-0. In our re-match we were defeated by a much-improved Cohasset team, losing by 2-0. In our first home game with Hingham, although our team was outclassed, we fought gallantly while losing 2-1. Our next game with Hingham proved to be the best of the hockey season. The cold and frosty day sparked the team to pull an upset. During the first half, three goals were made against the highly-vaunted Hingham eleven, while we held them to one score. Hingham scored the lone goal in the second period, making the final score 3-2. Hanover seemed to hold a jinx over us all the season, defeating us 1-0 and 3-1. The last game of the season was with Braintree. An exciting first half ended in a draw, and despite

our attempts to break the tie in our favor, Braintree succeeded in driving in one goal just before the whistle ending the game, was blown by the referee. S. H. S. is very proud of the fine school spirit which was shown by the hockey team throughout the season.

The girls who made the varsity are as follows: M. Macy, J. Miles, J. Prouty, L. Reddy (manager), F. Bissell, N. Breen, M. Chase, V. Day, H. Dowd, M. Dowd, K. Manning, S. Mongeau, D. Parker, and M. Roy.

J. Allen, S. Chadbourne, B. Cole, C. Ross, J. Taylor (assistant manager), and A. Robisheu made the junior varsity.

After the first two games Miss Moulton resigned her coaching position at S. H. S. and Miss Maida Riggs became our new coach.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

FIRST ROW: J. Tobin, Mary Noble, V. Goddard, J. Prouty, J. Allen, A. Robischeau.
 SECOND ROW: Miss Riggs, D. Parker, N. Breen, M. Noble, M. Chase, S. Mongeau, J. Keyes.
 THIRD ROW: N. Gilley, P. Goddard, K. Manning, I. Pratt, M. Roy, B. Best.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Virginia Day, '49 and Pat Goddard, '49

SWISH! There goes another basket! Thus did our basketball season begin.

Jean Prouty, our peppy captain, was once again high scorer, leading with 104 points. The rest of the fighting forwards followed close behind.

We cannot give enough credit to the guards: Jean Tobin, who always kept her eagle eye on the left forwards: Mary Noble, who did not move her shoulders even an inch to let the right forwards get by; and Kathy Manning who never got huffy, while taking over center position. Our long-legged Ann Robischeau and calm, quiet Jannie Allen were the undaunted substitutes.

The girls who may be seen wearing their first-team letters are as follows:

J. Allen	P. Goddard	J. Tobin
V. Goddard	S. Mongeau	N. Breen
M. Noble	D. Parker	M. Chase
J. Prouty	I. Pratt	K. Manning
A. Robischeau	M. Roy	M. Noble

J. Keyes, Manager

B. Best, Assistant Manager N. Gilley, Assistant Manager

We must not forget our fighting second team who succeeded in winning two out of three games. The girls who played in two of the games were awarded certificates of merit. S. Chadbourne, M. Macy, J. Miles, F. Bissell, M. Corrigan, V. Day, F. Dwyer, C. Ross, V. Ahola, J. Best, B.

Cole, and M. Dowd received such certificates.

Everyone agrees that Miss Riggs, our new coach, deserves all the credit that can possibly be given to her. We must also mention the efficient work of Jane Keyes, our manager, and her assistants, Barbara Best and Nancy Gilley.

Add all the preceding facts together and the answer will show that the 1948 basketball season was exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable to all who participated in this sport.

The scores of the games were as follows:

Scituate 12	Norwell 17
Scituate 17	Cohasset 31
Scituate 28	Pembroke 21
Scituate 25	Hanover 16
Scituate 20	Duxbury 18
Scituate 20	Marshfield 27
Scituate 23	Cohasset 30
Scituate 21	Norwell 7
Scituate 26	Kingston 6
Scituate 42	Hanover 20
235	193

An interview with Miss Riggs, our enthusiastic coach, confirmed our opinion that you can surely expect to see an up-and-coming team in the next few years. Miss Riggs is also training the lower grades in the techniques of basketball. So, CHAMPIONSHIP, here we come!



FOOTBALL

FIRST ROW: C. Mahon, H. Welch, M. Snow, R. Whittaker, J. Varney, M. Spinola, W. Amiot, S. Briggs, R. Fallon, J. Flynn, R. Dunphy, W. Merritt.
 SECOND ROW: Coach Stewart, D. Hendrickson, R. Duffey, T. Snow, M. Cole, J. Devine, N. Hennigan, F. Duval, B. Donlon, W. Small, Mr. Walker.
 THIRD ROW: R. Roberts, C. Mitchell, J. Mills, G. Parker, H. Cusick, W. Chipman, J. Smith, E. Veiga, J. Milroy, C. Tyler, B. Wyman.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Jon Flynn, '48

1947 Football in Review

SPIRIT and aggressiveness were the keynote of Coach Stewart and his boys in blue as they enjoyed their most successful football season since 1943. Valuable assistance was given Coach Stewart by our new math teacher, Mr. Walker. The combination of Mr. Stewart and Mr. Walker plus the desire to win on the part of the players, proved that a team doesn't have to be "big" to win. Despite the fact that the Scituate eleven were outweighed on the average of fifteen pounds per man per game, they compiled a handsome record of five victories, one tie, and two defeats throughout the season.

For the first time since 1943 Scituate High was recognized as Co-Champion of the South Shore League, having to share that honor, temporarily, with Marshfield.

The townspeople showed their appreciation of such a splendid season by presenting the entire squad, through the Kiwanis Club, with a testi-

monial banquet at Dreamwold Hall on Monday evening, December 15, 1947. The lettermen were awarded jackets and the rest of the squad received gold footballs.

A short resumé of the season follows:

SCITUATE 7 ST. PATS. (Watertown) 7

Comment: The cheerleaders showed more pep and enthusiasm than the team during the first three quarters.

Thrill: When Whit passed to Joe, Joe carrying over to make the score 7-6.

Star: Whit. He passed for the touchdown and plunged across to tie the score.

SCITUATE 13 MEDFIELD 0

Comment: The entire game was marked by the great defensive play of the Scituate line.

Thrill: When Jack intercepted a Medfield pass deep in Scituate territory.

Star: Whit, again. He passed for both scores, one to Manuel and one to Joe.

Continued on Page 46 **45**



BOYS' BASKETBALL

FIRST ROW: F. Duval, J. Cunningham, M. Spinola, J. Devine, J. Bates, L. Towle.

SECOND ROW: Coach Stewart, Manager, E. Merritt, E. Veiga, H. Cole, B. Donlan, B. Wyman, J. Stewart.

BASKETBALL

John Cunningham, '50

THE Scituate High School basketball squad had an unsuccessful season this year as far as victories are concerned, partly because of the loss of many top players from last year's crack squad and partly because of the inexperience of this season's players. However, the team gained invaluable experience which will undoubtedly pay off with a championship next season.

Nevertheless the season produced some very interesting games, among which were those with Cohasset and Norwell. In both of these games Scituate showed a definite superiority throughout but failed to emerge the victor.

After the regular season had ended, Scituate was invited to oppose Mansfield in the Brockton Tournament. Scituate led the "green devils"

well into the final period of play but lost the lead through failure to control the ball.

The following boys were on the '48 squad:

L. Towle	F. Duval
M. Spinola	J. Cunningham
E. Veiga	B. Donlan
J. Devine	H. Cole
J. Bates	B. Wyman

Schedule of Games:

Scituate 28	Norwell 44
Scituate 26	Pembroke 48*
Scituate 32	Cohasset 41*
Scituate 28	Hanover 53*
Scituate 20	Marshfield 54
Scituate 41	Duxbury 59
Scituate 40	Cohasset 48
Scituate 42	Kingston 58*
Scituate 30	Norwell 34*
Scituate 28	Hanover 46

* Home games.



BASEBALL

FIRST ROW: J. Varney, R. Whittaker, E. Meyers, M. Spinola.
 SECOND ROW: R. Dunphy, P. Avery, E. Hennigan, Coach Stewart.
 THIRD ROW: R. Rose, B. Durant, H. Welch.

BASEBALL

Arthur Dunphy, '51

SCITUATE'S hopes of a championship baseball team will depend mainly on its veterans. Last year's graduates were few but priceless. Among the cast of returning hopefuls are Manuel Spinola, Brookie Durant, Holker Welch, Eddie Veiga, Elden Meyers, Bobby Rose, Jack Varney, Ned Hennigan, Eddie Stewart, Jr., and Dick Whittaker.

There are several contenders for the pitching spot, among them Brookie Durant, Holker Welch, Dick Whittaker, Ned Hennigan, Johnny Cahir, and possibly John Cunningham, a transfer from Milton High.

This season's schedule is as follows:

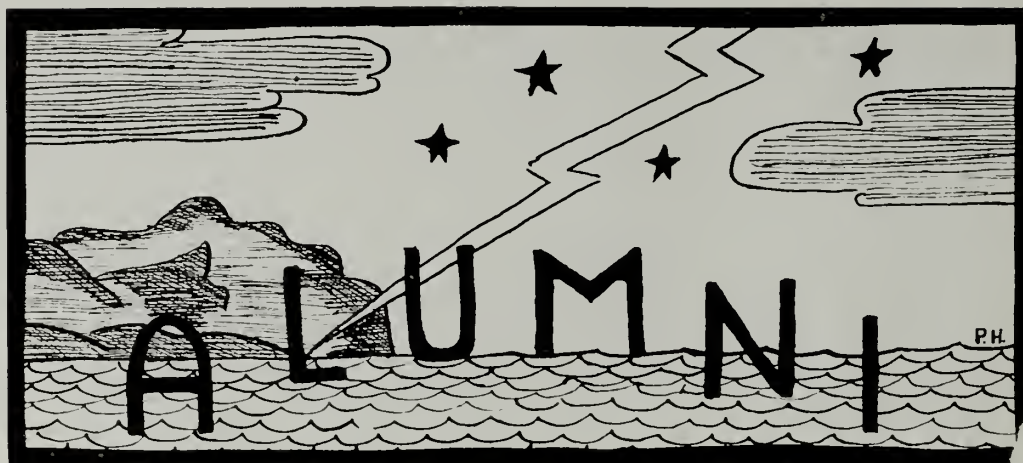
April 29	Pembroke at Scituate
May 4	Scituate at Duxbury
May 6	Norwell at Scituate
May 11	Scituate at Cohasset
May 13	Kingston at Scituate
May 18	Scituate at Marshfield
May 25	Hanover at Scituate

Spring Sports

Volley Ball! Softball! Tennis! Spring must be here!! Although volley ball is rather an unusual spring game, a group of girls were seen playing it on several warm afternoons, practising for the Brockton Gym Tournament which was held on April 9, at the Brockton Y. M. C. A. They put on an exhibition which proved to be successful.

On March 29, girls who were interested in softball signed up for this exhilarating outdoor sport. There were about fourteen blondes, brunettes, and red heads who wished to have a position on the team. The schedule was as follows: April 23 — Hanover; May 3 — Marshfield; May 5 — Kingston; May 10 — Cohasset; May 12 — Norwell; May 17 — Duxbury; and May 19 — Pembroke.

On the following day tennis practice began, and many girls signed up for this sport. Miss Riggs has a schedule of two games and a tentative third.



ALUMNI NOTES

Ann Robischeau, '48, Eunice Clapp, '48

Class of 1947

The following members of the graduating class of last year are furthering their education by attending college:

Catherine Anderson, Wellesley Convalescent Home for Children

Deborah Andrews, Smith College
 Thomas Bell, Wentworth Institute
 Thomas Breen, Tulsa University
 Terence Butler, Massachusetts Institute of Technology
 Ann Condon, Fay School
 Laurence Dwyer, Illinois State University
 James Goddard, Holy Cross College
 Ligi Goddard, Leslie College
 Robert Devine, Newman Preparatory School
 Jean Holcomb, Green Mountain Junior College
 Annelaine Limper, University of Miami
 Patricia Manning, Boston University
 Annette Milliken, Wheaton College
 Virginia Mongeau, Simmons College
 Isabelle Murphy, Simmons College
 Richard Rencurrell, Boston University
 Shirley Turner, Academie Moderne
 Janice Tyler, Sargent College
 Nancy Wyman, Jackson College

Many members of the class of '47 have taken positions in Scituate.

Lillian Baker, Dr. Davis's office
 Ellen Bergman, The Welch Company
 Frank Cole, Allen Wheeler Company
 Robert Glynn, Connolly's Taxi
 Frances Quinn, First National Store
 Jane O'Neill, Rothery Real Estate
 Thelma Sylvester, Scituate High School office

Jeanette Jenkins, Gladys Hill, Elizabeth Litchfield, and Janice O'Neil are working at the local telephone office.

Four of the boys, David Schultz, Laroy Bonney, Burton Simmons, and Vincent Dunphy, are working for their fathers.

Cynthia Chadbourne is employed in Boston at the Liberty Mutual Insurance Company.

Howard Fettig is taking a post graduate course at Scituate High School.

Rae Whittaker is now Mrs. William Miller.

Constance Holland is now living in New Bedford.

Daphne Hanlon is working in Boston.

Five members of the class of '47 have gone into the service:

Alfred Atkins, Navy; Alvin Jenkins, Navy; George Travers, Navy; Richard Ewell, Navy; Donald Waite, Army.

Class of 1946

The Class of 1946 have made a very good showing in college:

Charlotte Allen, Massachusetts Institute of Physiotherapy
 Carol Dunphy, Simmons College
 Charles Fleming, Colgate University
 Ann Graham, Middlebury College
 Donald Hattin, University of Massachusetts
 Ann Heffernan, Boston University
 Robert Holcomb, Colgate University
 John Litchfield, Massachusetts Institute of Technology
 Helen McDonald, Regis College
 Paul Miles, Clarkson College of Technology
 Joan Powers, Emerson College
 Patricia Ronleau, Regis College
 Ward Swift, Boston University
 Barbara Tindall, Oberlin College
 Charles Vickery, Boston College
 Betty Ann Welch, Green Mountain Junior College

Stephen Jenney has returned from service with the army in Korea and will enter Antioch College next year.

There are several members of the Class of 1946 who are employed in Scituate:

Ann Curran, Copper Lantern
 Jean Franzen, Welch Company
 Maybelle Manning, Copper Lantern
 Alice Patterson, Secretary, James Lydon

William Vining, Chipman's Market
 Ruth Whittaker, Scituate Cooperative Bank
 Margaret Damon, Fitts Company
 Marie McCarthy, Bearce's Store

Four girls of the class are married:

Emily Feola (Mrs. Kenneth Mitchell)
 Marjory Whittaker (Mrs. Charles Turner)
 Thelma Jenkins (Mrs. David Newell)
 Jessie Warren (Mrs. Anthony Barbuto)

Class of 1945

Some of the members of the Class of '45 are employed in Scituate:

Emily Whittaker, Priscilla Cobbett, and Charles Stenbeck, The Welch Company
 Vilho Ahola, The Satuit Cranberry Company
 Beverly Newcomb, The Bailey Company
 James McCarthy, Working for his father
 Kathleen Brown, Town Offices

Four are in the service:

Louis MacDonald, Jr., Army
 William Dacey and George O'Neil, Navy
 Scott Amiot, Merchant Marine

Several are working out of town:

Marilyn Ewell, N. E. Mutual Insurance Company
 Mary Santia and Shirley Litchfield, Jordan Marsh Company
 Theresa Steverman, N. E. Insurance Company
 Thomas Chadbourne, Carroll Sweeney's, Boston
 Carmel Manning, Anderson Manufacturing Co.

The following are attending colleges:

Richard Jenkins, Conn. Teachers College
 Thomas Macy, Tufts College
 Edward Swift, Hartwick College
 Ann Page, Sargent College
 Richard Hands, Boston University
 Kenneth Stone, Fitchburg Teachers College

Class of 1944

Several members of the class are continuing their education:

Marguerite Bartlett, U. C. L. A., California
 William Bates, New England College
 Richard Bresnahan, Massachusetts School of Pharmacy
 Louis Bournazos, Tufts College
 Marilyn Damon, Mount Holyoke
 Margaret Devine, Boston Teachers College
 Mary Devine, Boston Teachers College
 Arnold Fuller, Springfield Teachers College
 June Goddard, Boston University
 Mary Queeney, Simmons College

Among the members of the class who are working in Scituate are the following:

Arthur Anderson, Anderson Fuel Company
 Walter Allen, Reddy's Plumbing
 Edith Dwyer, Scituate Playhouse
 Robert Finnie, Finnie's Garage
 Miriam Flynn, mousing
 Theodore Holland, Ray's Garage
 Katherine Whittaker, First National Store

The following are employed out of town:

Merial Bonney, R. N., South Shore Hospital
 Beverly Briggs, reporter on "Washington Evening Star," Washington, D. C.
 Joan Condit, teacher and dramatic coach, Worcester, Mass.

Fay Joseph, R. N., Quincy Hospital
 Mary McCormack, National Shawmut Bank, Boston
 Catherine Peirce, Hingham Trust Company
 Barbara Billings, Laura Brown, Jean Cole, Nancy Davis, Ethel Hollis, Shirley Huntley, Barbara Johndrow, Shirley Shea, and Evelyn Vinal are now married.

BOYS' ATHLETICS

Continued from Page 41

SCITUATE 6 MARSHFIELD 13
 Comment: Marshfield was highly overrated. Scituate failed to get the necessary breaks.

Thrill: On first play Whit raced from Scituate forty to the Marshfield one-yard line.

Star: Capt. Murray Snow constantly broke up Marshfield's running attack.

SCITUATE 19 MILLIS 0
 Comment: The score should have been 40-0.

Thrill: Murray's two touchdown gallops.

Star: Ronnie Fallon constantly plugged up holes in the line and recovered fumbles.

SCITUATE 6 RANDOLPH 0
 Comment: Teamwork was great. Randolph was headed for state title until this defeat.

Thrill: Snow's touchdown.

Star: Manuel. His defensive play stood out as really terrific.

SCITUATE 13 HANOVER 6
 Comment: Last year's loss was avenged. Whit and Snow were the big guns.

Thrill: When Hanover received a 15-yard penalty for interfering with a fair catch by Bob Duffey.

Stars: Varney and Dunphy, who were outstanding on defense.

SCITUATE 6 NANTUCKET 13
 Comment: They were big enough to play pro ball, but even so, we should have won easily.

Thrill: When Holker completed a pass from Whit to score.

Star: Holker Welch for his brilliant quarter-backing.

SCITUATE 14 COHASSET 0
 Comment: Big Cohasset line expected to tear small Scituate line apart.

Thrill: Joe's acrobatic catch on 30-yard line and then his run to score.

Star: Dick Whittaker, who came back after severe injury to spark team to victory.

* * *

One afternoon Nancy noticed her pal Barbara skipping home from school. Two days later Barbara skipped home again instead of taking the bus. Two days after that Nancy saw Barbara skipping up and down Front street. Curiosity got the best of her. "Why are you always skipping lately?" she asked.

"Oh, it's because of some new medicine my doctor's giving me," replied Barbara.

"I get it — the medicine makes you feel like skipping," glowed Nancy.

"Oh no, the doctor said to take the medicine one day and skip the next."

POETRY

Autumn Days

Sheila Mahoney, 7B

Autumn Days are here at last,
Back to school we go,
Snow will soon be falling fast,
And icy wind will blow.

Birds will fly quite far away,
Leaves will come a-tumbling down.
Poor Queen Summer will stop her play
When winter steals her leafy crown.

Pumpkins on the self will grin,
Witches weird will ride their brooms
Apples red in the pail will spin.
And fires bright will warm the rooms.

Mother Nature will call the leaves,
Football will bring exciting joys,
Then stacked will be the corn in sheaves
And this is fun for all the girls and boys.

Autumn days are here at last,
And back to school we go.
Summer days have all gone past.
And long the shadows grow.

Seasons in Scituate

Ann Marie McAulliffe, 7B

At any time of the long, long year,
The beauty of Scituate is always dear.
In winter when snow falls on the ground,
Beauty and sports always abound.
In spring when perfume fills the air
Everything is so bright and fair.
In summer when the tourists come
Scituate surely starts to hum.
In autumn when leaves start to fall
Cold winds again begin to call.
Leaves spread a carpet on the ground,
And the hunter goes out with his gun and hound.
About Scituate I'd like to say much more,
For it's the finest town on the whole South Shore.

Stars

Nancy Dwight, '52

O little stars up in the sky,
You shine so clear and bright.
I wish that I could tell you,
That you are a gorgeous sight.

You glow and let us find our way,
Through darkness and through tears.
We'll worship you, O little stars,
Through all the many years.

Spring

Neil Towle, 7B

Everybody's happy for good reason,
Last winter sure committed treason.
North winds blew till they blew us blue;
New Englanders know that this is true.

But now "Spring's here! Spring's here!"
Shout the birds with thankful cheer.
March winds will blow the snow away;
Spring flowers will bloom again in May.

To A Birch Tree

Janet Allen, '48

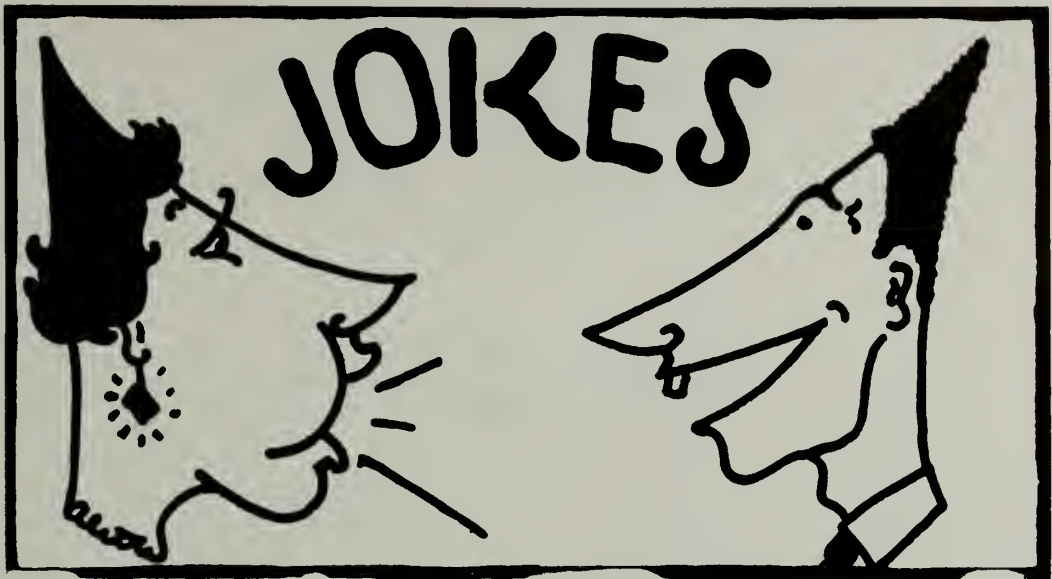
Oh, lovely lady, I saw your pride
Yesterday, at the waterside.
As in a mirror, I saw you lean
Over the glassy surface to preen.
With leaves a flutter, you bent to admire,
The reflected charm of your spring attire.

The River

Priscilla Merritt, 8B

Oh, beautiful river, flowing onward
Through the dale and o'er the glen.
Oh, wand'ring river trickling downward
Tell me, please, where have you been?

Oh wand'ring river where e'er you go
People gaze on you with delight;
Pretty river, as downward you flow
You never stop — be it day or night.



JOKES

William Amiot, '48

"Officer!" shrilled a lady on Sixty-second Street. "Come quickly! I've been robbed! Somebody broke into my house!"

When the officer had investigated, he turned to the lady with new respect. "Say," he said. "This is really serious. This window is busted on both sides!"

* * *

A three-year hitch in the Army enabled one observant recruit to boil everything down to three sacred rules. One: If it moves, salute it. Two: If it doesn't move, pick it up. Three: If it's too big to pick up, paint it.

* * *

"How I first met your mother is not a story for little ears like yours," a father told his son from behind the evening newspaper. "But one thing I can tell you. It certainly cured me of whistling."

* * *

"I wonder," said the Sunday school teacher, "what little boy or girl can tell me the name of that wonderful place with enormous marble pillars, and golden angels, and divine music, and perfumed air, where all of us go if we are good?"

"Shucks," said the class in chorus. "Everybody knows that. Radio City Music Hall!"

* * *

Coombs to Briggs: Fishing?

Briggs: Nope, just drowning worms.

A big lady lumbered into a village depot clutching the hand of a pig-tailed little girl, and said, "One ticket for Carolina."

"What part of Carolina?" asked the station agent.

"All of Carolina," said the woman. "This is Carolina holdin' my hand."

* * *

Sign discovered by Glen Parker in a Second Avenue delicatessen: "If you can't smell it, we ain't got it."

* * *

Cop (to excited lady driver): Use your noodle, lady, use your noodle.

Lady: My goodness, where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car.

* * *

Father: Don't you think our son gets his intelligence from me?

Mother: He must. I've still got mine.

* * *

Teacher: You can't sleep in my class.

Santia: If you didn't talk so loud, I could.

* * *

Teacher: This examination will be conducted on the honor system. Please take seats three apart and in alternate rows.

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